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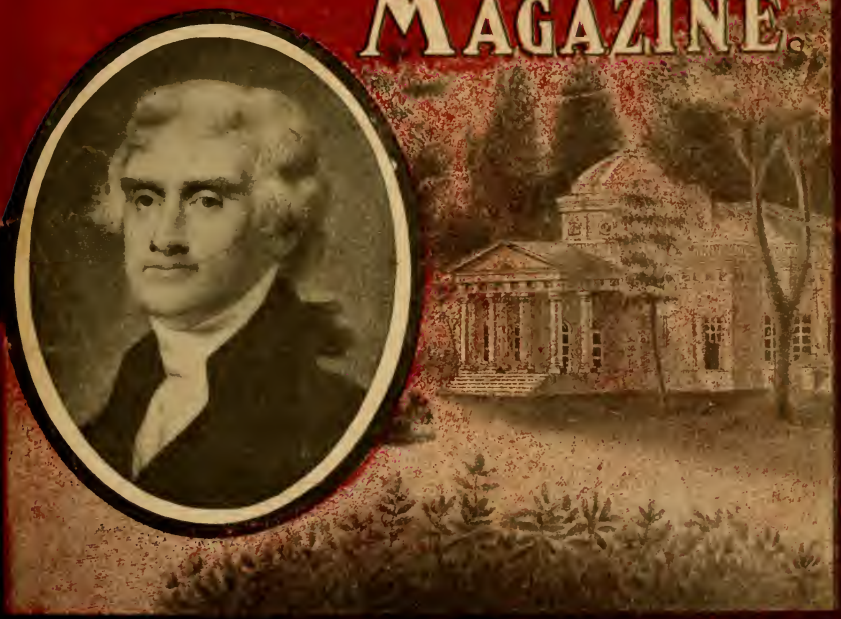

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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

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"It Matters Not"

By JOEL B. FORT

It matters not how swift the stream,
How loud the current's roar,
My boat shall ever point the beam,
To make the other shore.

It matters not how high the hill,
How wrapt in cloud and spray,
Up, up, I tread with heart and will,
To sunlight and to day.

It matters not how much the load,
How miry be the way,
I'll fight it out, I'll keep the road,
That leads from Night to Day.

¶ To Thos. E. Watson, a patriot, a gentleman and a scholar, who came into my life by accident, and to whom I owe a debt of gratitude, I dedicate this little piece I snatched from the Muse as she passed

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. III November, 1909 No. 11

EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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Chapter II.

IN THE *Socialist International Review*, September, 1909, we find George D. Herron prominently and approvingly quoted. That gentleman is now living in Italy, and he must be still a brother-in-good-standing with Socialists, else his name would not be so conspicuously and favorably used in a standard exponent of the creed.

As this chapter is to treat of the ideal and purpose of the sect in the matter of marital relations, I cite the nuptials of George Herron and Carrie Rand. "Actions speak louder than words", and while Socialist agitators, in rural districts and provincial towns, indignantly repudiate the free-love proclivities which I attribute to the cult, I will illustrate by the Herron wedding what the doctrine really means to the Socialists of our metropolitan cities and of Europe.

The Socialists themselves published a booklet describing the Herron-Rand nuptials, under the title of "A Socialist Wedding", to show the world how marital unions would be formed under their system. In other words, Herron wedded Carrie Rand in the way that Socialists say is the right way. To teach *us* how we ought to marry, they describe *their* manner of marrying.

That ought to be good evidence of the Socialist ideal and purpose, ought it not? It is the same as though they had said, "Your system is wrong; it enslaves woman: it calls upon the State, or the State and the Church, *to authorize and sanction a ceremony* which mates a pair for the journey of life. We say that neither the State nor the Church should have anything to do with it; and that a marriage should be the voluntary union of a man and a woman, without any legal permit, without any religious ceremony, without the requirement of any written record before the event, at the time of the event, or after the event.

Incidentally, Mr. Herron was a married man when he met Carrie Rand and became infatuated. His wife divorced him in 1901. In May of the same year the affair described as "A Socialist Wedding" took place. After this speedy exchange of wife for "affinity", George went out West, and took to teaching and preaching. But as the West,

with all its bigness and liberality, found it impossible to "stand for" George's doctrines, he removed his residence to Italy—where they "stand for" anything.

Herron is widely known as the author of books advocating Socialism; and the lengthy extract taken from one of his letters and placed at the beginning of one of the leading articles in the *International Socialist Review* indicates that he is yet one of the "we of the inner circle of comradeship". (I regret to find this title of aristocracy taken to themselves by the witnesses and parties to "A Socialist Wedding". I thought that Socialism intended to do away with "inner circles", wheels within wheels, exclusive groups, upper classes, and all that kind of thing.)

The opening sentence of the booklet states that, "We are gathered together, *we of the inner circle of comradeship*, on the last Saturday evening in May." Then follows the announcement that George and Carrie "*for many years had been one in fact*, but now we wish this unity *to become manifest* unto the world." Therefore, on this Saturday in May, 1901, "we have asked a few of you" to assemble because "we wish to *announce* to you this unity of life *which has for many years made us one IN FACT*."

And these Socialists go to the Knickerbocker Press and pay the cost of the printing of a little book to describe this Socialist "wedding"!

But there wasn't any wedding to describe. I can't see any wedding—can you? After having read every page carefully, I find nothing to vary the statement made on the first page. George declared that he and Carrie *had been "one in fact" for many years:* Carrie agreed, and added mystically that the union was "a fact in the heart of God".

But where was the wedding? They were merely *announcing* to the "inner circle" a fact which had long existed. And yet these people, whose sense of the ridiculous is so blunt, publish a book to describe "A Socialist Wedding", when the principals themselves stated at the very beginning *that a union had been formed by themselves alone and maintained in secrecy for years.*

They stood up together, side by side, to make the admissions already quoted, but neither took any vows. No promises were given by either to the other. It was not stated that they ever had entered into any sort of agreement, compact or mutual pledge to a blessed thing. Each had felt drawn to the other, and had flown into the other's arms. After many years, they called in some friends, *to announce this fact*, and the annunciation constituted the "wedding".

The Socialist who acted the part that customarily falls to the magistrate or the clergyman was William Thurston Brown. He distinctly stated, "We are not here to inaugurate or consummate a marriage." Again, he says, "These friends of ours *announce* today their marriage." At the last, Brown says that inasmuch as George and Carrie "*are* united" (and had been for many years), "I *announce* that they are husband and wife." *He* did not unite them in marriage; *they* had already done that *years before.*

Brown does not perform any ceremony, witness any contract, tie any knot; *Brown simply states a fact, tells the news.* George and Carrie *are already united;* have long been, in their own eyes, man and wife; and they tell a few of the inner circle about it; these chosen comrades come together to make little speeches and to recite poems; and one of them grandiloquently holds forth, asserting that, "*this is the time and place for the music of a poet, the speech of a god; the office of a priest or magistrate were an intrusion here*",—and winds up with "they *are united*" already, and "*I announce the fact*".

There are thirty-nine pages of delicious mush following and glorifying the revelation which George and Carrie had made. To read these almost incredible little speeches of congratulation and oh-be-joyful, you'd think that a married man could not do a nobler thing than to live a lie "for many years"—betraying his wife, playing false to his solemn vows, and maintaining a connection with another woman that he dared not disclose.

Those who made addresses were Charles Brodie Patterson, William Thurston Brown, Richard LeGallienne, Leonard D. Abbott, William Mailly, Marguerite V. Wien, Ralph Waldo Trine, Katherine L. M. Meserole, Darwin J. Meserole, Mabel MacCoy Irwin, Bolton Hall, Arthur Farwell, and F. H. Wentworth. Also present were Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine, Elizabeth B. Kendall and Marion Craig Wentworth. These ladies also paid tribute to the "wedding", but not in prose; these enthusiastic ladies "drapped into poetry".

In F. H. Wentworth's address, he spoke of the "wedding" as "*a mighty triumph of truth and sincerity in the world*", and expressed the belief that *the Socialist "cause must be helped by it*".

Said he:

> "There seems in the gathering of such a company *a hint of the dawning of the day when the spirit of freedom shall rule the world—freedom of the body and freedom of the soul.*"

He referred to the fact that Carrie Rand's mother (who was present) had been a pioneer Abolitionist and Free-trader, and complimented her upon now taking her stand, amid Socialists, at this "wedding".

I am not yet meaning to discuss the rights and the wrongs of this kind of thing, nor its consequences to individuals and to society—my aim is, first *to prove by leading, representative teachers and expounders of Socialism that they antagonize our marriage system and favor free love.*

In the first speech at "A Socialist Wedding", Mr. Patterson said:

> "God only joins those who love one another. If that love exists in the hearts of two persons for one another, *then,* whom God hath joined together, no man can put asunder."

If this does not mean that mutual love shall of itself constitute marriage, what does it mean?

No application for a marriage license, no ceremony before a magistrate or clergyman, no formal contract entered into before witnesses, no exchange of vows, no record made anywhere to render easy the proof of *the tremendous psychological and social fact!* If that is not free love, what is it?

In his address, Richard Le Gallienne declared:

"All the friends that Mr. and Mrs. Herron love will love them forever, and love them all the better because they have had the courage to stand up and say that they love each other, and *that love is all the marriage they need.*"

Could "love" be "freer" than that?

In his talk, Leonard Abbott expressed the hope *that the Herron union "may mark an even greater devotion and completer consecration to the Socialist movement and the Socialist ideal"*.

Bolton Hall was very bitter in his allusion to the orthodox who would be sure to disapprove of that kind of a "wedding". He said:

"While we" [the Socialists] "lead an advance in the world" [in this free-love practice] "we must put up with the snarling and the biting of the dogs."

The snarling and biting dogs referred to are, of course, those who think that mutual love and mutual desire do not, *of themselves*, constitute the relation of which it is said, "Those whom God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

In the speech of Arthur Farwell, he said that it seems to him "there must be space in the universe for a soul that wills to be *free from bonds of conventionality*". He then glowingly describes Herron and Miss Rand as two who have proclaimed it here tonight "that this *freedom to live out one's intuitions* is the supreme factor of life".

The concluding page of "A Socialist Wedding" must be quoted in full:

"The gathering broke up, and finally, as a sweet benediction, the bride herself took her seat at the piano and played to us for awhile, pouring out her soul in the interpretation of one of Beethoven's greatest sonatas. And as she played *the memory of a ghoulish press, of human vultures, of slave-marriage, of cruel capitalism, was blotted out.* We saw only the vision of *the new life of Socialism,* when the *love that made this union holy shall be the only basis of marriage, and when this love, stretching out, shall embrace the common life of the world.*"

Prepare the nuptial couch! A youth and a maid, or a man and a woman, say to each other, "I love you," and Hymen's torch is then and there lit. They confess the mutual devotion and that alone in sufficient. *They are married*, and each may ask and receive, *immediately*, the privileges of the lawfully wedded. *Yet I am furiously denounced in Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri and Florida for contending that Socialism means just that!*

It can not be truthfully said that those whose addresses at "A Socialist Wedding" have been quoted by me are not *representative Socialists, who understand perfectly the Socialist ideal of wedded life.* Bolton Hall is the author of several books, and enjoys a national repu-

tation as a student of economic and social problems. *If anybody understands what Socialism means, and the changes which it intends to bring about, Bolton Hall does.* Of Richard Le Gallienne the same may be said. His fame in the realm of literature is world-wide. He is as competent to state Socialist ideals and purposes as Upton Sinclair, Eugene Debs, J. A. Wayland, Fred Warren, Maxim Gorky, Jack London, Robert Hunter, Gaylord Wilshire, or Colonel "Dick Maple", of the uproarious *Rip Saw.*

If the kind of marriage which Herron made with Miss Rand did not conform to Socialist views, there would not have been such enthusiastic unanimity of sentiment in the utterances of the large group of prominent representatives of the creed as was shown by the speakers at "A Socialist Wedding".

But let us go further, and consider the teachings of the great German who has, for so many years, been the official leader of the Socialists in the Reichstag—a recognized authority on the creed, whose word can not be rejected by any orthodox believer in Socialism.

Herr Bebel's book, "Woman Under Socialism", has run through more than thirty-three German editions. I will use the translation made by Daniel De Leon, and published by the New York Labor News Company in 1904.

In the translator's preface, he states that "*the Woman Question is the weakest link in the capitalistic mail.*" He alludes to the efforts Socialists are making to enlist the women in the "*overthrow of the existing order*". He frankly uses the word "*Communism*", and expresses his belief that the race is now headed toward it.

Mr. De Leon is one of the most conspicuous and energetic American leaders of Socialism. When he translates Herr Bebel's book into English, and publishes it for use in Socialist propaganda, we need not be told that Mr. De Leon is in full accord with Herr Bebel, and desires to win converts to Socialism by the circulation of Bebel's book. And when we find that "Woman Under Socialism" is an elaborate argument for just such ideals as those set forth at "A Socialist Wedding", we need no further evidence to convince us that Socialism *does* make uncompromising war upon marriage, *as we know it*, and proposes to substitute therefor the informal "free and easy" mating which Herron and Miss Rand first practised and then "announced".

What is the line of reasoning in Herr Bebel's book—this book which European Socialists have rapturously accepted, and which American Socialists have adopted as a part of their educational literature?

The gist of it is this:

(1.) The "mother-right" was universally acknowledged in the primitive ages, when there was no such thing as marriage, and when the intercourse between the sexes was so promiscuous that no one knew or cared who was the father of the child. It was self-evident who the mother was—hence the "mother-right" of those beatific times.

(2.) To establish "capitalism", *the selfish owner of property in-*

vented marriage, in order that he might beget *an heir to inherit his wealth.* In this way, and for this purpose, the "father-right" superseded the "mother-right".

(3.) The bulwark of "capitalism", therefore, is the marital relation, with its "father-right"; and *society must abolish formal marriage, and return to the "mother-right" system*, under which it makes no difference who is the father of the child.

(4.) The sensual appetite being a natural one, *must be gratified as we satiate hunger and thirst.* The denial of indulgence to it is harmful to health, and productive of serious disorders in mind and body.

(5.) Private property being abolished, the State "vanishes away". "*It dies out.*" Crimes are no longer committed. "*Religion will gradually vanish.*"

Such is the fair summary of Herr Bebel's amazing book—a book that European Socialists rave over, and which their American brethren are greedily devouring.

A franker appeal to the lusts of man was never made. These Socialists know enough of human nature to see that in every normal male and female is the desire for temporary or permanent mating. They know that to become and remain *a gentleman*, natural passions have to be reined in and kept under control; they know that to become and remain *a lady*, treacherous inclinations must be checked. To "overthrow the existing order", they appeal to men and women who have submitted to the golden chains of self-denial, and they preach the gospel of unbridled license. Could any doctrine be more ruinous?

I must *curb* my temper, and *not yield* to the impulse to be violent. To *give way to that natural passion and inclination* would be destructive to my own happiness, and to the good order of society. I must deny myself the imagined sweets of *revenge;* otherwise, my diet will be as harmful to me as the fabled apples of the Dead Sea. So with covetousness, hate, envy, jealousy—they must not be given freedom; *they must be kept in chains.* Our happiness demands it. But with sexual desire, the Socialists declare that it should be different. *That* passion is like hunger and thirst; to indulge it, they say, is no more of a vice and sin than eating and drinking.

According to that line of argument, when, in some terrible moment of anger, you have murder in your heart, you must kill! If natural covetousness tempts, steal! If you crave whisky, drink. If your disposition is masterful, trample on the feelings and the rights of others; use your giant strength like a giant—to the misery of those who are weaker.

The bed-rock of Christian civilization is *SELF-RESTRAINT.* We become good and great as we subdue the evil spirits within us. *Naturally, the human heart is partially bad.* We have all had wicked thoughts, vile inclinations, devilish temptations.

The angel of darkness battles with the angel of light for the possession of our souls; the true victor in this earthly existence is not the

heaper-up of riches, not the conqueror of boundless realms, but the man who can say, "I have trod down what was evil in my nature. Prone to vice, I resisted its allurements. I, too, could have wallowed in the mire of sensualism, but I wouldn't. It was in me to have been a bad man—a man of violence, a voluptuary, a gambler, a frequenter of the haunts of the scarlet woman. But I saw where that road led; I knew the ruin that lurked behind the siren; I entered Venusburg, but would not live in it. I could not help having the evil spirit—it came to me, as to all men, by inheritance; but the angel that also came with my birth pleaded with me to put the evil spirit down. She unfurled her radiant banner, pointed to the sunlit uplands of noble aim and endeavor, and said to me, 'Take *this* flag and plant it on those heights!' —and I did it, thank God! I am happy, and make others happy, in proportion to my right-living; and to live right, I have always to resist the evil propensities, *which grow weaker after each repulse.*"

Every gentleman who reads these lines knows that they contain the very quintessence of truth. Every pure girl or woman who reads them knows it, too.

And now come these foreign degenerates, with their nasty mess of Socialism, offering to save society by unleashing the hell-hounds of lust!

It's a shame that this vile gospel should have made such progress in our cities. It's a national disgrace that it should be spreading everywhere.

And the men who are chiefly responsible for it are those who have admitted foreigners of all sorts, and who have enacted the legislation which spawns the millionaire and the pauper.

If any one had told me ten years ago that such an affair as Herron's could have been extolled and proclaimed as an ideal wedding, and that such a book as "Woman Under Socialism" would be hailed with enthusiastic acclamations in this country, I would have considered such a man out of his senses.

Let me quote you some passages from this foul volume. The passages selected are not "garbled extracts". You shall have complete sentences, and full paragraphs, giving the exact meaning of the renowned leader of German Socialism—a man who has for very many years been an acknowledged leader and recognized authority on Socialism. *If Herr Bebel does not know what goal Socialists are headed for, who does?*

Some innocents, easily won dupes, have written me that I must be wrong about what Socialism means, for they do not see anything against our marriage system, or home-owning, or social equality, *in the platform of American Socialists.*

Oh, my! Do you find in the Republican platform any declaration in favor of Wall Street, the Eastern manufacturers, the national bankers, the Steel Trust, the Whisky Trust, the Tobacco Trust? Can you find in the Democratic platform any admissions that the Tom Ryans, Tom Taggarts, Belmonts, Dukes and Tammany thieves run it in the interest of the specially privileged?

You know that these two old parties are prostitutes to plutocracy, don't you? You can see that they confiscate the wealth produced by the toiling millions, and give it to the beneficiaries of class-legislation, can't you? But you will not find the faintest suggestion of these truths in either of the platforms.

You might declare, in a political platform, that there is no danger of an explosion when fire and gunpowder come in contact, but that would not alter the facts. *Socialism is to be learned from its Bibles—the Acts of its Apostles.* It isn't the ranter on the street-corner, nor the platform which the American vote-seekers put together, that you must look to for a knowledge of the creed. *You must go to the writings of its founders. You must study the Matthew, Mark, Luke, John and Paul of THIS NEW RELIGION,—for it is a religion which MEANS TO SWEEP AWAY YOUR CHURCH, JUST AS IT MEANS TO ABOLISH YOUR STATE.*

But you may ask, "Are not the Prohibitionists and the Populists to be judged by their platform?"

Yes, they are, but the cases are not similar. Prohibitionists and Populists do not oppose the existing *form of government*, and do not contend that an entirely new system of society should be substituted. Each of these groups of reformers claim that our present form is all right, but that abuses that have crept in ought to be put out. Our platforms, therefore, simply enumerate the changes desired. We don't say that *a new temple* should be built, and a very different one at that; but we want to drive the money-changer from within, and thus *purify the old temple.* The Socialists offer a new system, altogether, and to know what this system is, we must go to the books and manifestoes of its apostles and founders. We can not accept platforms framed by cunning American leaders, who modify the creed to dupe the disciple, and *thus get in the thin edge of the wedge.*

But to proceed with our examination of "Woman Under Socialism":

First of all, Herr Bebel rejects the Biblical story of the creation of man. Then he delves into various works on the origin of the family.

He states the conclusion arrived at by Morgan: that "at the lower stage of savagery there was sexual intercourse between the several grades or generations, *every woman belonging to every man, and every man to every woman*".

That is plain enough, is it not? No "garbling" is possible in so bald a statement. Then Herr Bebel cites Strabo, on the Arabian system under which brothers cohabited with their own sisters and with their own mothers.

Good God! You could not "garble" that passage, could you?

Then he says,—Herr Bebel does,—"The theory that" * * * "sexual intercourse was indiscriminate is further supported by the Hindoo myth according to which Brahma married his own daughter."

It would be difficult to miss the full meaning of that, would it not?

"The same myth turns up again among the Egyptians and the Northern Edda. The Egyptian god Ammon was the spouse of his own

mother, and boasted of it. Odin, according to the Edda, was the mate of his own daughter, Frigga."

Now pause a moment, and reflect upon this question, "*Why is the setting forth of all these things logically necessary to an argument in support of Socialism?*"

Think it over. In what way are these repulsive facts germane to a discussion of the status of *woman under Socialism?*

If the altar is not to be overturned, the Caucasian home made impossible, the nuptial chain forever broken, and freedom of sexual mating, unmating and remating, substituted,—why, *why, WHY*, —in the name of the God of our fathers, should Herr Bebel, and the other leaders of Socialist thought, *take so much pains to prove that "in the old times" members of the opposite sexes put no harness on their passions?*

The Socialists fail to draw the distinction between races! Not only must every sound argument allow for clime and era, but it must discriminate between the five great races.

Don't apply the standards of the red man to the blacks; don't confuse the customs of the yellow man with those of the brown. And the merest tyro in ethnology ought to know that the Caucasian, *the white man*, stands in a class peculiarly his own. Of the Caucasian race, *the Celt-Teuton blend is the flower*,—and there never was, in the most barbarous period known to history, *the least taint of sexual promiscuity among this people,—never! NEVER!*

Our women held the respect of the men, even when half-savage, and prior to the institution of private property. *The prostitute was despised then, as now.* The very words commonly applied to her, in the primitive English, imply reproach and aversion. I will not print them,—every man knows what they are. *Those words of scorn and loathing come down to us from the remotest eras.* They prove that we have always respected chastity, and they prove what we have always meant by the word. In the rudest tribe of our ancestors, female virtue meant the restraint of sexual desire *until the formal mating, which was ever a ceremonial rite, and which always required a mutuality of vows.*

But the Socialists, *deriving their ideals mainly from Jewish teachers*,—such as Karl Marx, La Salle, etc.,—are now pounding at the walls, using every battering-ram of class-hatred, proletarian distress, resentment of governmental abuse, swollen fortunes, corrupt courts, and venal legislatures, to overthrow our whole fabric. *After having inflamed the covetousness of the millions who have no property, by appealing to the inherent longing for it, they appeal to that other inborn appetite, sensuality, offering it unfettered indulgence.* To the man who has no house and home, no silver and gold, the Socialists cry, "Come along with us; we will soon be in the majority; we will then vote for governmental ownership of everything, and you will get your share of all the accumulated wealth of the nation!"

The man and the woman who find self-denial irksome, but who

fear to do as they please, because of our standard of morals, the Socialist says:

"We sympathize with you, and in order that you may do as you please, we will change that standard. It was invented by capitalism to preserve property, anyway, and therefore ought to go, on general principles!"

Mahomet's appeal to Oriental bestiality was not more shameless!

In reference to those primitive ages when the father of the child could not be known, Herr Bebel says:

"The reign of the mother-right implied communism; equality for all; *the rise of the father-right implied the reign of private property, and with it the oppression and enslavement of women.*" [Page 30.]

The author and translator put this passage in italics. Therefore, they put emphasis on it. So will I.

On the same page, lower down, Herr Bebel says that the reason why the husband does not want his wife to have a child by another man is, *that the offspring of some one else would thereby get his property!*

Now, when you find that an utter absurdity is a necessary link in the chain of Socialist reasoning against our marriage and property systems, what faith can you pin to his statement that "capitalism" enslaved women to preserve private property?

The reason why the husband objects to the wife's commerce with other men is, that he does not want an illegitimate child to inherit his property! Bless my life! I never expected to find such an "argument" in any book whatsoever,—not even in a Socialist book.

If *the husband's* furious resentment of his wife's infidelity is due to "capitalism", what does *the father's* grief and rage grow out of? Why does *the brother* shoot the seducer of his sister? Has "capitalism" any connection with *that?* Why do all the relatives and friends of the girl feel anger and mortification? And why is it the man who has no property has always had the same feeling on this subject? In one case, only, did property and inheritance cut any figure in the punishment of the unfaithful wife. If *the queen* broke her vows, a false king might come to the throne. Both the king and the people had an interest here, and it found its expression in the penal laws which brought such heads as Anne Boleyn's to the block.

The "mother-right", says Herr Bebel, implied communism and womanly freedom and happiness; the rise of the "father-right" marked the beginning of private property and woman slavery!

Pray pardon me here; I *must* call spades, "spades".

The Socialist argument against our system of private property and our system of marriage, is precisely the same, in both cases. If it can be shown to be false, as against the one system, it can the more easily be smashed, as against the other.

Now, use your mother-wit, and forgive me for plain speaking,—

Is it likely that women were well-treated, when they were the sluts

of the tribe? Don't understand me to be alluding to *white women.* Oh, heavens, no! The Caucasian maid was never the fruit of the first man who came to pluck,—*never in the world!* *White* women never went from tent to tent, bestowing favors wherever they were desired.

My question has reference to *the four other races, whose customs supply Herr Bebel with his weapons against our marriage system.* How can he, or any other student of humanity, bring himself to believe that the men of the tribe had any respect for women, when the women had to live like female dogs?

I could pile up testimony, until even the most skeptical would be convinced, to prove that among those peoples where the mother-right prevailed the women were the veriest slaves. Compelled to do all the work, compelled to eat only the man's leavings, after the man had got through stuffing himself; compelled to yield her person to whoever demanded it,—*forced* by the man whenever she did not yield,—kicked and cuffed in the man's fits of ill-temper, with never a word of love and affection, never an embrace or gallant, uxorious attention; simply doing all the nasty, heavy labor, and varying that by answering the man's call when his lusts were inflamed; bearing the child which nobody claimed and which never, never would climb upon some man's knee, twine little arms about some man's neck, and murmur in some grateful ear the tender words, "*My father!*"

And this was the blissful system under which—according to Herr Bebel and the Socialist leaders of our big cities—*the women were highly esteemed and perfectly happy!*

And they argue that the wicked capitalists banished humanity from this earthly paradise, and enslaved the women! As soon as mothers began to be able to say who was the father of the child, they began to be oppressed!

Private property demanded an heir, and, *THEREFORE*, female honor became so precious in the eyes of the husband that he slew the defiler of his bed!

Away back yonder in the dim, cold forests of Germany,—at a time when the lower races spoken of by the Socialists were passing the women around, from one to another, and when nobody knew or cared whose daughter or whose son any particular child was,—*our wedded Germanic ancestor, who owned nothing individually, had drawn the dead-line around the hut, which was his for the year, and had said to the would-be adulterer, "Step across it, and you die!"* Fathers and brothers had said, with the red emphasis of the swift death-wound, "*Touch my daughter, or betray my sister, and I'll kill you!*" And the son was equally as quick to take vengeance upon the man who wronged his mother. The marital relation was fixed; the wife sacred.

THIS WAS AT A TIME WHEN THE TRIBE OWNED EVERYTHING IN COMMON, and yet we are told that "private property"—wicked old thing!—implanted those feelings in the half-clad, migrating Caucasians; *and that private property and our marriage system are twins, the hideous issue of "capitalism"!*

Our system "enslaved" woman—this system which crowned her as

Queen, and seated her on the throne of Love and Beauty; this system under which, in defense of woman's honor, *every knightly sword was sworn to flash from its scabbard!*

The desire for the undefiled home, and the one wife, and the legitimate child have their birth in the noblest traits of human nature. Men passionately *love* their homes, their wives, their offspring. The yearning to have children is embedded in the very foundations of our being. The little girl displays it, in her fondling of dolls. As hers is the office of motherhood, the parental instinct develops in her, first. Motherly devotion is the queenly rose of the garden of Love.

If boys never think of that, young men do, and there are certain songs in which the feeling finds expression. By the time the male matures and marries, the parental instinct is powerful, and the married man wants children,—*to love, to gladden the home, to bear his name, to perpetuate the family.* That's why the barren woman has always felt mortified and unhappy. She yearned for the babies,—for her own sake and to gratify the husband. Even the poorest Jew, propertyless, could divorce the wife who was unable to bring him children.

To contend that a husband's *natural desire for children* springs from sordid considerations of property, is to lose sight of that profound fatherly instinct and affection which thrills in the agonized cry: "*O Absolom, my son! O my son, Absolom! Would God I had died for thee!*"

Herr Bebel and his translator pose as chivalrous champions of woman, when, in truth, *this abominable book is the grossest insult that was ever flung at Celt-Teutonic virgins and honest wives!*

These Socialists deny that chastity, and the penalties inflicted upon incontinence, have their birth in the heart of woman! They deny the female sex any credit for that preference for chastity which caused even the Armenian women, some years ago, to slay themselves rather than submit to Mohammedan would-be ravishers.

Coldly, coarsely, Herr Bebel argues that the virtue of the gentler sex is the fruit, not of nature, but of mercenary convention. With the same astounding ignorance of human nature that Robert Hunter displayed, when he traced the mulatto to a mathematical calculation, Herr Bebel, *a German!* alleges that "capitalism" created the marriage system to buttress its own existence,—a bodily heir being requisite,—and that the husband bade his wife remain an honest woman, *for the reason* that he did not want another man's child to inherit the property.

What an insult to Anglo-Saxon husbands and wives! What a libelous misrepresentation of the Celt, the Norman, the Jute, the Frank! Why, who is it that does not know that Germanic tribes were so different from Orientals and Latins that the Roman historians recorded the noble facts, placing them in contrast with the lower standards of imperial, mongrelized Rome?

The land had not become private property; the annual division was regularly made; the tribes had not even fixed their permanent places of abode; yet, even then, marriage was a solemn, formal covenant; and,

even then, *the wife and the maid voluntarily took their own lives rather than be robbed of the priceless jewel of womanhood.*

(Herr Bebel himself cites the facts, but totally misses their significance!)

Cæsar declared that he found in Britain the natives living in huts, where brothers used their wives in common; but this very questionable statement is not made by him, or by any one else, of the Germanic tribes. Each Northman was jealousy exclusive in regard to his wife.

In the most ancient period, the men took their mates by force; later, the matchmaking was a matter of bargain and sale between suitor and father; later still, the maiden asserted her right to select; and later yet, came the esponsals, or "engagement", before the wedding.

Even in the simplest form of mating, the man and the woman clasped hands, in the presence of witnesses, and publicly took each other, in so many words, for husband and wife. (This kind of wedding has come down to our own day, and is known as the "common-law marriage".)

It may interest you to read the primitive Anglo-Saxon maiden's vow:

> "I take thee, John, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer and poorer, in sickness and health, to be bonny and buxom, in bed and at board, till death do us part, and thereto I plight my troth."

(No prudery, you see; *that* maiden would never have called the bull, "a gtenleman cow"; nor insisted that "tales," be called "anecdotes". Note, also, the absence of the word, "obey".)

The bridegroom's vows were as follows:

> "I take thee, Alice, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, at bed and at board, for fairer, for fouler, for better or worse, in sickness, in health, until death do us part."

Even in the earliest times, the repudiation of the wife gave rise to blood-feuds among the Germanic and Scandinavian peoples. At a time when the Hindoo might lawfully put away his spouse *for eating before he had eaten*, and the Chinaman could legally repudiate his for *talkativeness*, and the Jew could divorce the mother of his children for talking to a social inferior and for disliking her mother-in-law, the Anglo-Saxon *had to give a good reason*, or his wife's kindred would kill him! Not only that, in the Danish-Saxon era (A. D. 550 to A. D. 800) *the husband had to return the wife as he had found her—a virgin!*

The slightest departure of the German woman from morality and good behavior, was looked upon with horror and punished with severity. (See Thrupp's "Anglo-Saxon Home", page 318, and those following. Thrupp collates all the authorities.)

If a married woman was guilty of misconduct, the husband sent for her relations, publicly stated her offense, cut off the long hair which was her proudest ornament, stripped her naked, drove her out of his

hut, and out of the tribal village!* At a later period, public opinion required that any maid or matron who had gone astray should strangle herself; and if she failed to do so, the women of the vicinity seized her, stripped her to the waist, lashed her with whips, gashed her with knives, and hounded her from place to place, until the poor wretch died. *Then these frenzied German women seized upon the seducer, and hanged him over his victim's grave!*

Herr Bebel, *a German*, ignores these immensely important truths, and *he laboriously builds up an "argument" against our systems of private property and marriage, by attributing to his own ancestors THE MORALS OF GOATS, THE MANNERS OF SWINE, THE CUSTOMS OF DOGS!*

And this disgusting book, "Woman Under Socialism", has been swallowed with "a coming appetite" by Europe, from whence the New York Socialists have imported it to the United States—a nasty book that fans every prurient passion, offers temptation to every demon of class-hatred and individual covetousness!

(As Carlyle said of "Le Chevalier de Faublas", a very *cloaca* of a book!)

Stated with simplicity and directness, Herr Bebel's appeal to "oppressed woman" is this: "You are enslaved. Marriage, as we now know it, is a failure. It was established by capitalists, in order that private property might be inherited, and thus perpetuated. The husband denied the wife the liberties which he continued to enjoy himself; and he did it to make sure that his wealth would descend to his own son. Previous to this wedlock which capitalism imposed upon woman, she had been as free to cohabit with various men, as he *continued to be*, even after taking a wife. The honor of the wife, the honor of the home, did not grow out of the woman's inborn preference for innocence, for purity, for loyalty to her mate. Her fidelity to the husband did not proceed from *her* at all; it was the restraint forced upon her by her lord and master. Now, this slavery has oppressed you, keeping you down. You once had the privilege to mate, unmate, and remate without any form or ceremony whatever. You were then free. Nobody knew or cared about the legitimacy of children. The mother-right prevailed, of necessity—she being the only parent that society could identify. We Socialists call on you to rise and help us overturn the existing order. The mother-right must return. Then you can indulge your natural propensities as men do. When hungry, it is no harm to eat; when thirsty, it is not wrong to drink; when voluptuous, it is no sin to gratify that natural appetite, also."

That is the Socialist appeal to oppressed womanhood. So far as Caucasians are concerned, no fouler insult was ever cast in the face of the innocent girl, the virtuous spinster, the honest wife. It denies to them the credit for possessing a love for the unpolluted body and moral cleanliness that is, in so many cases, stronger than the fear of death.

This outrageous attack upon the character of woman, this scandalous

* And Herr Bebel relates these facts, and misses *their* meaning, also!

implication that virtue in the wife is not due to her own sense of honor and of right-living, but is the result of the husband's desire for a legitimate heir, comes not from a negligible rhapsodist of the hustings, but from the apostle who is universally recognized as the "one supreme leader of world-Socialism".

I repeat, *if this great teacher and leader does not know where Socialists mean to march, who does?*

To prove that this "argument" is one of the Socialist mainstays, I quote again, page 34:

> "Wholly otherwise stood matters for the men. Although *with an eye to the begetting of legitimate heirs for his property, he imposed upon woman strict abstinence from other men*, he was, nevertheless, not inclined to lay a corresponding abstinence upon himself."

Did you ever read anything like that? Could any line of reasoning lead to a more ludicrous conclusion? If the determination to have legitimate heirs is the cause of the husband's jealousy concerning his wife's honor, why is it that men kill the paramours of their mistresses? Why do they slay even the mistress who is untrue? And why do women go distracted when their husbands go astray? Why does the wife sometimes kill the mistress? Why does the mistress often do violence to the rival who wins her lover?

Like the entire dream of Socialism, Bebel's "argument" ignores the elemental facts of human nature.

In the Supreme Court Reports of Georgia there is a case, familiar to the lawyers—a case of murder wherein Alexander H. Stephens was leading counsel for the defense—in which there was a quarrel in a brothel (Augusta, Georgia), and one man said to another, "If you touch my woman, I'll kill you." The homicide followed. The feeling displayed in that case is the same old desire for exclusive possession which crops out viciously in vile places and vulgar relations, just as it blossoms beautifully in sacred places and holy relations. A man wants his mate to be *his* only—as the tiger does, as the eagle does; and whether that mating is pure, as in wedlock, or impure, as in the case of lover and mistress, the same fierce jealousy exists.

The principle of private property *does* apply to the case, but in a way that knocks the Socialist off his feet. Instinctively and powerfully, every man wants *the woman that is for him alone*—and he wants private property, in the very same way. Instead of instituting marriage to preserve his private estate, and pass it on to his child, the man who first made good his claim to the woman of his choice, was perhaps the masterful barbarian who determined that his home should be *his private property*. He separated *his mate* from the tribe, and the same selfish instinct for exclusive possession and enjoyment put it into his head to have exclusive possession and enjoyment of *his selection of land*.

Proceeding with this precious "argument" of his, Herr Bebel says that the husband continued to give loose rein to his lusts, although he

rigorously punished any misconduct of the wife. He says that this demand for the venal woman was, in part, the origin of prostitution. Therefore, he argues that "capitalism" is responsible both for marriage slavery and the public woman.

Private property is responsible for prostitution, is it? The husband must needs have the wife to give him an heir, and then he must have the venal woman to satiate the sensuality of young males and married libertines! Astonishing "argument".

There have always been, among all races, some girls who were born with unmoral characters and irresistible sexual desires. Here was material for the rakish boy, youth, or unmarried man. *And that's the way prostitution originated.* It was the result of the unbridled lust of both sexes. To argue that "capitalism" *established it*, as a necessary adjunct to lawful wedlock, is as transparent a piece of nonsense as ever I saw in a book.

Dr. William W. Sanger, of New York, was the author of a "History of Prostitution". It is a great work, immensely valuable and interesting. Herr Bebel and Mr. De Leon ought to read it. They would then begin to realize how comically wrong they are about their facts, as well as their deductions.

After stating the historical truism that prostitution is coeval with the human race, Dr. Sanger attributes it to these causes:—the lust of unmarried men, the avarice or the passion of women, religious superstition, and ancient notions of hospitality.

(This last-named source of prostitution deserves more than a passing thought. Do you remember the frightful coolness with which Lot offered his daughters to his guests? Have you never shuddered when you read that terrible passage—terrible because, like the flash of lightning at night, *it revealed a world of darkness?* The matter-of-fact way in which Lot beseeches the travelers to take his daughters and gratify their passions, naturally, on these girls, instead of on themselves, unnaturally, proves *a general condition* among the children of Israel. They considered it the hospitable thing to do—to furnish the guest with a room-mate from among the women of the family. *And Karl Marx, in whose brain communism took a new phase, was a Jew.*)

To make out their case against "capitalism", and to trace every evil of the times *to capitalism itself*, rather than to the abuses of power, the growth of special privilege, and the mania for money and pleasure,—the Socialists have to defy common sense and give to human beings unnatural traits—abnormally bad and ideally good.

With one breath, they exclaim that men are so selfish, sordid and calculating that they instituted our present marriage system to enslave wives and beget legitimate heirs. With the next, they exclaim that if we will just abolish both marriage and private property, humanity will be so regenerated that nobody will have any motive to do wrong. Crimes, vices, violence, fraud, envy, hatred and malice will disappear.

Human nature being as unchangeable as the laws that govern the

universe, why wouldn't the same motives that led to our system of marriage and property lead to them again?

But there is another way to refute Socialists on this point—and it can't be dodged.

Prostitution (as well as the one-wife system) existed even among peoples who held their property in common. It existed long prior to the origin of private property. It outdates "capitalism" by centuries. Consequently, the prostitute was *not* the venal woman that the married man had to have on account of the double-standard of morals.

The double-standard of morals is, of course, wrong, but we are rapidly improving in that respect. The married man who is known to "run after women", is looked down on by most of his wedded brethren. The average husband glories in the fact that he can say, "I honor my wife."

But the double-standard never had any connection with property. Men who have no estates and no need of heirs hold the same notions as men of wealth. They are equally as inconsistent in demanding loyalty, while not giving it. This selfish and unjust habit of man springs out of his primeval and universal feeling of superiority, and the belief that *his home, his family*, are not as seriously injured by his frequenting the house of ill-fame, as they would be if his wife did likewise.

Herr Bebel seems to ignore the fact that the double-standard applies to boys and girls, youths and maidens, bachelors and spinsters. There is a universal feeling that the gentler sex suffers infinitely more harm from indulgence of desire than the males do. Nobody but a Socialist ever thought of "property" in that connection.

(I think that society is too lenient with immoral men, and too hard on the fallen girl. I don't consider it just to consign her to the outer darkness from which she can never emerge. We should not close the door of hope against her. I would, if I could, change that very much; and would have the pure women and girls seek that erring sister, put their arms about her, and bring her back into the world of respectability. Her knowledge of the fact she won't be given another chance, seals her doom. It is an infernal shame that *we* have no forgiveness for the woman that *Christ* forgave. Cowardly pharisees that we are! We forgive all those whom we know to be guilty, so long as they don't get caught. We become implacable at the very point where the heart of Jesus melted. For shame! Will we never gladden the angels of heaven by bringing back into the fold the lost lamb that is found?)

But as another piece of evidence which conclusively shows that our monogamistic marriage-system did not originate prostitution, I call your attention to the fact that, *in polygamous countries there are more public women than are to be found in the one-wife countries.* The dancing-girls of the East are shameless strumpets; and the cheapness and abundance of the supply of purchasable Oriental women is too well known to require proof.

Take Japan as an example. The husband is allowed only one wife, but may keep as many concubines as he pleases. Yet there is probably

no country of the power, population and wealth of Japan where the phrynes are so pretty, so plentiful and so cheap. Those of Korea are even more dainty, and less expensive.

Now, does the married man, with his house full of concubines of his own selection, either cause or sustain that marvelous amount of prostitution in Japan, in Korea, in China? The depravity of these abandoned women, of countries where *married men are not even tempted to run the risks of venereal infection*, is said to be indescribable—something monstrous in its beastliness.

Did these husbands, who were allowed by law as many women as they lusted after, *establish prostitution to safeguard private property?*

Even the De Leons and the Bebels should be able to see the absurdity of their position.

Bad as plutocracy at one extreme, and poverty at the other, have been for the home in America, the truth still is, that the majority of marriages succeed. *It is the disrupted home which gets into the newspapers. If it were not the exception to the rule, it would create no sensation.* There are ten thousand happy homes in Georgia, but nothing is said about them in the newspapers; let some prominent man's home be blighted (say, by "theosophy", an amusingly new name for it,) and the scandal travels like a storm-driven wind.

To a great majority of married couples the home is the haven. They expect happiness nowhere else. The young husband will have his worries, and the young wife her trials; but while clouds occasionally spread over the face of the heavens, the sunlight is all the sweeter when the clouds have passed away. In most cases, I think, men are true to their wives; in nearly all cases, I am sure, wives are true to their husbands.

The tender old song of "John Anderson, My Jo" would never have been sung had not Robert Burns believed that the married life he described *was typical.* Nor would the world—the New as well as the Old—have given Burns' song the same kind of welcome as was given "Home, Sweet Home" *had it not touched the same universal chord.*

Herr Bebel's theory utterly fails to explain the origin of the depraved morals of the rich and powerful; the orthodox theory *does.* It is well-known that Society is as rotten at the top as at the bottom, and that the preservation of civilization depends upon the middle-class.

(Another chapter will be given to Herr Bebel's book. After that, I will go into the origins of private property. The Socialist Bible, Karl Marx's "Capital", will be reached and examined in due course.)

OUR AMERICAN JUDICIAL OLIGARCHY

NOTHING comparable to our Federal Judicial system has ever been known in the history of governments.

The men who framed our Constitution, in 1787, were of the English race, and they are presumed to have been imbued with the English idea of jurisprudence and judicial establishments. They are supposed to have had in their minds the English model when they established our own courts.

No one can understand how preposterous has been the arrogance of our Federal judges unless he studies the historic origin and the true meaning of legislative terms.

In England, a law once made by the joint Act of Parliament and the King, is supreme. Judges must obey it, just as other officials of the empire must do. Such a thing as one of the English courts deliberately setting aside an Act of Parliament is unknown. Consequently, it can not be imagined that our forefathers intended to give to the Judicial branch of the Government of this country a power which it never had had in England, which it does not possess there now, and which is not conceded to it, or claimed by it, in any other nation on earth. There isn't a line or a word of the Constitution of the United States which can be tortured into meaning that the Federal courts, high or low, have authority to set aside Acts of Congress. Yet, when Chief-Justice Marshall, an intense partisan of the Hamiltonian school, went upon the Supreme bench, he carried there a determined purpose to exert to the utmost his powerful intellect and his lofty position to make the Supreme Court the final arbiter in all matters of legislation.

Hating Jefferson with great bitterness, he appeared to consider it a religious duty to extend the jurisdiction of the Federal courts in every possible direction, so as to make the life-tenure Judges, appointed by an indirectly elected President, the real rulers of our Republic, thus making it reasonably certain that class-interest would become dominant, and the democracy would be subservient.

The thirteen original States, forming the old Confederation, had been separate, sovereign communities. As such, they had fought for independence. As such, they had been acknowledged to be independent. As such, they met in convention, through their representatives, to form a more perfect union.

A very delicate question arose as to how far these thirteen sovereign States, jealous of their state sovereignty, should concede to the Federal Government the authority to annul *state laws*, upon the ground that they conflicted with the Constitution of the United States. The necessity for such a concession to the general Government was obvious, but the delegates were so determined to preserve the dignity and the rights of the States that they very carefully guarded the concession which they proposed should be made to the central Government.

When Oliver Ellsworth, of Massachusetts, came to frame the Judiciary Act of 1789, which carried into effect the clauses of the Constitution relating to the Judiciary, *he provided the method by which the constitutionality of state laws should be tested.* The Judicial Act itself, from which our Federal courts derive their origin, prescribed the form of procedure which must be followed when a state law is attacked upon the ground that it conflicts with the Federal Constitution. *The question must be raised in the state courts and carried to the Supreme Court of the state, from which the appeal lies to the Supreme Court of the United States; thus dignity and uniformity are preserved.*

In the Federal courts, as now conducted, we find the following monstrous inconsistency. The Judges say, with one accord, that the Federal courts are controlled by *the construction* which is placed upon the state law by the state courts, and yet these same Judges claim the right to *annul the law.* This is absurd on the face of it. The inconsistency is to be explained in only one way. The rule which requires the Federal courts to be bound by *the construction* placed upon a state law by the state courts, arose during the early period of our Government, when the Judiciary Act of 1789 was still respected. Federal Judges of lower courts not only accepted the construction which state courts placed upon state laws, but accepted *the laws themselves*, until they had been declared unconstitutional by the state courts, or *by the Supreme Court of the United States.*

Never, until the Civil War had ended and the Federal courts began to be filled up with corporation lawyers, did the lower Federal courts arrogate to themselves jurisdiction over state laws which had never been assailed in the state courts.

Not only does this usurpation of power by the lower Federal courts impair the dignity of the state and frequently paralyze the state in the conduct of its domestic concerns, but the inevitable result is the conflict of decisions throughout the Union,—one District Court deciding a question one way, and another District Court deciding the same question another way,—an example of which was furnished by the conflicting decisions of the lower Federal courts upon the Federal Employees' Liability Act.

An adage as old as government itself declares that, *the King shall not be sued by the subject without his own consent.* The states being sovereign,—except to the extent that they have delegated certain powers to the Federal Government,—naturally assumed that they would be protected from the suits of private citizens by virtue of the time-honored principle cited.

In the old Confederation, no person, natural or artificial, could have entered suit against one of the sovereign states. After the Union was formed, one Chisholm, being a citizen of the United States but not of the State of Georgia, entered suit against that State. Chief-Justice Marshall held that the State was sueable by the private citizen of another state. This position outraged every member of the Union to such an extent that an amendment to the Constitution was at once pro-

posed and adopted *for the purpose of preventing future infractions of state rights.* This is the Eleventh Amendment. During recent years, however, *the Federal Judges, high and low, have nullified the Eleventh Amendment*, and have constantly taken jurisdiction in suits brought by private persons and corporations against the sovereign states of the Union. Governors, Attorneys-General, Sheriffs, and other officials of the state, are sued, enjoined in their official capacities, and thus the entire state administration is brought to a stand-still, and then dragged into court, like an ordinary defendant, to appear and plead in answer to the suit of a non-resident corporation or private individual. *The Federal courts solemnly declare that a suit which enjoins the state government and prevents the state officials from acting in their official capacities is not a suit against the state.*

The historic origin of the legal adage that no citizen shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law, must be understood before one can fully appreciate the startling evolution of that principle which has occurred during recent years.

When William the Norman invaded and conquered England, he set up a government of unlimited royal prerogative. As against their Norman masters, Englishmen had almost no rights. In the History of the Middle Ages, Hallam says that in twenty years after the accession of William the Conqueror, almost the whole soil of England had been taken from the English and divided among the foreigners. The Saxon chronicle states: "God sees the wretched people most unjustly oppressed; first they are despoiled of their possessions, then butchered."

Aubrey, in his "Rise and Growth of the English People", gives an appalling description of the condition of the common people subject to the merciless despotism of the feudal lords. Arbitrary seizures of property; arbitrary fees and fines; arbitrary imprisonment in dungeons, where the victim was left to perish of hunger; arbitrary executions, where the lord gibbeted the vassal on private gallows,—made the Norman regime one of lawlessness and unrestricted oppression of the weak by the strong.

Students of history are familiar with the dissensions which broke out among the conquerors, and with that slow but steady process by which the common people won back their feudal rights.

In the Great Charter, wrung by the barons from King John, is the familiar phrase: "No free man shall be taken or imprisoned or disseized, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land."

This meant that absolute monarchy had been brought to an end, and a limited monarchy substituted, in *which the royal prerogative was to give way to a government of constitutional limitations.*

When the Great Charter declares that no free man shall be thrown into prison without due process of law, nothing more is meant than is said. *The evil* was the arbitrary seizure of the weak man by the strong, and the imprisonment and perhaps execution of the victim who had been arbitrarily arrested.

When the Great Charter declares that no free man shall be dis-

seized unless by due process of law, nothing more is meant than that his cattle or his land shall not be taken away from him arbitrarily by the exercise of brute force.

Here we have the historic origin. It all seems plain and simple enough, and yet, with endless ingenuity and audacity, the attorneys of corporations have construed this legal precept to mean that *money invested in corporate enterprise has an inviolable right to earn net profits.* The Federal Judges have actually sustained this absurd doctrine, and so thoroughly well have the corporation lawyers done their work that most of the attorneys who represent the states in cases of this sort, *concede that unless the corporation is allowed to earn net profits, the property of the corporation is confiscated within the meaning of that constitutional clause which comes from Magna Charta.*

Of course, it must be clear to any one who will study the question impartially, that the law never did intend to guarantee anybody the making of net profits. With the earning of dividends, the law has nothing whatever to do. The plain meaning of the constitutional provision which has come down to us from Magna Charta is that a corporation stands upon exactly the same footing as a natural person, in that it shall not be deprived of its title to its property and the property itself *without due process of law.* In the case of a railroad, it shall not be deprived of its roadbed, its depots, its locomotives, its box cars, its passenger coaches, etc., etc., without legal process first being had against the company. If the state should pass a law which would make it impossible for the corporation to earn reasonable profits upon the money invested, such a law would be *unjust*, and it ought to be repealed; but how can it be said that such a law *confiscates* the roadbed, the rolling stock, and the various other property of the corporation?

In New York it was held, in a certain case, that unless a corporation were allowed to earn 6 per cent. net profits, the law which lowered the earnings below that standard was *confiscatory*, and, therefore, void. *Confiscatory of what?* Can it be claimed that such a law confiscated the title and took away *the property* of the corporation? To support the contention of such Judges, we must construe Magna Charta, and the Constitution which contains the old clause derived from that instrument, to mean that *King John and his barons meant to guarantee net profits to property-holders.* Could anything be more absurd? When a railroad or other corporation sets up a plea of that sort, it takes this position: "We demand that the money invested in corporations be given special privileges not enjoyed by money invested in private estates or in non-corporate business. We demand the right to manage our corporation affairs to suit ourselves, to pay as much in salaries as we think fit, to pour as much water into the stock as we think fit, to squander as much on lobbyists, press agents, and special counsel as we think proper; to grant whatever rebates we may think expedient and to make such traffic arrangements with the Express companies as allow those horse-leeches to absorb the cream of our business, —and yet to earn net profits of 6 per cent., else we will block the wheels

of state government, tie the hands of state officers, and ignore the laws enacted by state legislatures."

A striking proof of the incapacity of any Judge to pass upon one of these confiscatory pleas, and to say what will be the effect of any given statute imposing taxes or reducing rates, was furnished in the Pennsylvania case, where the state courts held that the two-cent-fare law was *confiscatory of the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad*, and, therefore, null and void. Within twelve months thereafter, this corporation declared an enormous dividend upon watered stock, as well as actual investment.

Another case was furnished in the 80-cent gas fight in New York. It was held that the property of the Gas Trust would be confiscated if they were compelled to furnish New York with 80-cent gas. It afterwards transpired that the Gas Trust had "cooked up" a statement to suit itself, to impose on the Judge (as was inevitable), and that the real books of accounts were never produced at all. These would have shown that the corporation could have made a splendid profit on 65-cent gas.

The point I make, however, is that the old adage which we derived from Magna Charta, and which, of course, is very much older than that instrument, has been outrageously perverted *when it is used by the courts to guarantee to corporate investments net profits*, no matter how bad may be the management of such corporations, no matter how much fictitious capitalization may be covered up in their securities, no matter how much of the yearly revenue may be squandered corruptly, no matter how the business of the corporation may be affected by prevailing conditions from which all business suffers, and no matter how great may be the necessities of the state which seeks to derive some support from those corporations which the state has itself brought into life by its grant of charters.

According to the devisions, a corporation earning 6 per cent. is in full enjoyment of its title and in full possession of its property; but if the state enacts legislation which reduces the profits to 5 99-100 per cent., the corporation's title and property have been confiscated!

How can anything be more absurd?

The corporation may be earning 3 per cent., 4 per cent., 5 per cent., or 5 3-4 per cent.,—but because the law does not allow it to earn 6 per cent., *it has lost its property by confiscation.*

If the Runnymede barons meant anything like that it is no wonder King John felt inclined to fight, and only gave up when he had to.

THE VULTURE

HAS IT ever occurred to you that the law of compensation is illustrated perfectly in the case of the obscene, ungainly buzzard? Think of it a moment. He has no enemies: envy, jealousy, unreasoning prejudice, aim no poisoned shafts at him: no other bird wants his job, and he himself is contented with it.

True, he has no friends, but he doesn't appear to need any. He is perfectly independent,—and he knows that as long as the world lives, he will have a home: and that as long as Death endures, he will have enough to eat. As to wearing-apparel, *his* remain on the free list. He bothers nobody's business, and nobody bothers his. Of all creation, he enjoys the exclusive luxury of being left alone.

Look upward into the heavens above you, some sunny day of summer,—away up yonder, almost out of sight: there is the buzzard, circling slowly, steadily, serenely, around; the only unconcerned living creature that your eyes can perceive.

The other birds are all uneasy about something. They all have enemies. The law of their lives is, *eternal vigilance*. They dare not feed, or bathe, or fly, or perch without scanning narrowly the surroundings, in which may lurk the snake, the hawk, the cat. They live in constant fear: they start at every sound. Their foes are legion; and after a harassing day of continual peril and narrow escapes, the owl or coon or 'possum or rat may clutch them where they roost at night.

Not so the vulture. He hasn't a care or a fear on his mind. He sails composedly through the cerulean sea, loftily secure.

* * * * * * * * *

There are the beasts of the field,—they all have their enemies, their anxieties, their conflicts. Lion assails lion, tigers rend tigers, serpents battle with serpents, the great stolid ox shivers with fright when he sees the glittering eyes of the snake in the grass, torturing swarms of insects pursue to madness the helpless quadrupeds, the hog devours the kid and the lamb; and the wolf, the bear, the fox and the man devour the hog. Throughout the animated nature, the strife is incessant. Nature's law—inexorable and universal and unchangeable—makes the weak the food of the strong, makes the stomach an insatiable sepulchre, sends the resistless roots of life deep down into the fertile soil of Death.

Not so the buzzard. Nothing feeds on *him*,—he feeds upon everything. *He* doesn't have to work for a living, nor stalk his prey, nor swoop hawk-like for his dinner of quail, or his supper of spring-chicken. He doesn't have to crawl on his belly and serpentine his way over meadow and fallowfield, on the hunt for mice, or bird-eggs, or young rabbits, or nestlings.

No, indeed. Others provide *his* food. Sailing peacefully, evenly, without visible beat of wing, floating with no apparent effort, circling in fixed orbit as though he were himself some black-sheep member of the distant constellations,—the vulture bides his time. He isn't worried about anything. Where his next meal will come from is a matter

of no disquieting consequence. *He knows that it will come*—and he sails, round and round, in a fathomless, shoreless, radiant sea.

Consider the ocean and they that dwell within it; can you find security and peace and rest? From the tiniest mullet to the monsters of the deep, there is war,—unending, merciless war. Never will you put your eyes upon the fish that isn't nervous, watchful, in dread of the enemy. Never will you find one that isn't afraid. Everlasting caution, eternal effort, ceaseless activity—is the price he pays to live. In those treacherous depths, what battles rage, what massacres take place, what ferocities of attack and pursuit, what agonies of flight or defense there are! What anguish of futile effort to escape there is, when the squadron of sharks encompass the whale, or pursue the dreaded swordfish; and what a ghastly combat that is, when the sharks fight over the prey, and wounded sharks are beset by sharks!

And that which we see among the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea, is faithfully duplicated in life of man. There is no peace anywhere, nor rest, nor security, nor freedom from care and fear. The rivalries of business, the inroads of disease, the enmities which luxuriate along the path, the dread of tomorrow, the terrors of the unknown regions that lie beyond the dim river,—ah, who is free from thrall?

Worn out by the battle and the march, the straggler may fall by the wayside, crawl into a corner, and seek rest. He will not find it. Nobody has ever found it. Those who are perfectly sure that they're saved, leave their mansion in the New Jerusalem vacant, just as long as possible. Human saints who tell us, most positively, that they will walk the golden streets and harp with angels, stick to our dirt-roads with piteous tenacity, and reveal a singular preference for the mundane phonograph and piano.

No, brethren! Let us deal honestly by one another, and make the confession that's good for the soul. *We are a lot of cowards.* We could hardly be anything else. From the cradle to the grave, we are surrounded by hobgoblins, imaginary terrors and real dangers. A part of our childish training consisted of elaborate efforts to undermine our native good sense. Civilized creatures that we are—we frighten our own children, destroy their self-confidence, sap their inherent strength of mind and character, feed them on Booger-man stories, poisoning the very fountains of thought with fictions and superstitions,—and the marvel is, not that so many are permanently enfeebled or enslaved, but that anybody ever emancipates himself. So ingrained becomes the fear of the dark and the mysterious, that the bravest of men will quake, in uncontrollable panic, if, at night, he hears sounds that are different from anything he ever heard before,—sounds that he can not connect with any ordinary occurrence. He immediately imagines some nameless horror, and his hair stands on end. He isn't afraid of any human being, he isn't afraid to die, but he *is* afraid of that unearthly sound, because it has aroused the slumbering cowardice that was injected into him by ghost-stories when he was a child!

So it happens, that while most people who have been sick, and who

have gradually weakened, are not afraid to die,—let *sudden death* confront anybody, saint or sinner, and you will see that the grimiest log cabin is passionately preferred to the best of those mansions in the skies.

Yes, we are all cowards: if not afraid of one thing, we are of something else;—and much of it is due to the wretched system of dealing with the child.

And so, when I seek a picture of repose, I look upward, and gaze upon the buzzard, peacefully engaged in drawing invisible circles in the upper air. The hubbub in the marts of trade are nothing to him. The fierce rivalries of men affect him not. Is the world at peace? *His* rations will not be cut off or shortened. Are the nations at war? So much the better for him. Is it a year of bountiful harvests? He will not go unfed. Does famine smite the people? It has no terrors for him.

The storm comes up from far away, and thunder clouds obscure the sun: he either rides with the gale as if he loved it, or soars above the tumult, and lets it pass below.

Some day you will hear a rush of sound, the volume startingly strong, and you will look up in surprise—it is the buzzard having his fun, apparently, by taking a headlong dive into space. So then this unclean, unsociable, isolated bird actually possesses a sense of enjoyment, in addition to his fund of solemn self-conceit.

Poor old weather-beaten mariner of the skies! Tireless swimmer of the invisible waves! Lone sentry of the trackless beat! You are not pretty, and you probably smell bad, and you eat in a way that we despise—although we daily devour dead things ourselves—you have never had *a write-up*, by one who appreciated your advantages and sympathized with your limitations.

Well, you've got one at last, such as it is.

EDITORIAL SMALL TALK

Norman Hapgood is never so happy as when he can tie a firecracker to the tail of one of his editorials. The explosion tends to expedite the travels of the paragraph.

Discussing the Hudson River celebration and the immense advancement that civilization has made since the days of Fulton, Brother Hapgood said:

> "The telephone dates from 1877."

Then, without giving us warning, and time to jump, he tosses his firecracker:

> "And in all his life, His Majesty, James of England, never washed his hands."

Of course, you identify the James meant, and, of course, you see the connection between telephones and hand-washing; but how on earth could Norman Hapgood prove that King James never, in all his life, washed his hands?

* * * *

His sentence is without meaning, if he did not intend to say, that, whereas, people now give the greatest care to personal cleanliness, they formerly were so much the other way that even the King of England "never washed his hands".

Norman allowed himself to be misled by the hysterical screecher, Michelet. Read up, Brother Hapgood, and learn to clear your head of such nonsense.

The fingerbowl and doily of today are the lineal descendants of the washbowls and towels that were indispensable among the gentlefolk of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries! It was not good form to begin to eat until the hands had been washed, either in the lavatory or in the bowl placed near the guest. These bowls came into use, because of the delays and inconveniences of the lavatory, where rules of precedence were in force, and where only one or two could bathe at a time.

* * * *

It was the prescribed duty of the page to bring to his master, his mistress and the visitor the metallic basin in which the hands were washed, and the towel on which they were wiped. People of good breeding bathed their hands five or six times a day, and were passionately fond of the big trough, or tub, in which the whole body was made clean. This was the fashion nearly four hundred years before the era mentioned by Hapgood.

* * * *

King James I. was a scholar, the friend of literary men, the patron of fine arts. He wrote a book against the use of tobacco, because he considered the habit filthy! There was great splendor of dress at that time and much elegance of manners. How is it possible to believe that, in all his life, King James, the son of a queen of beauty and fashion—the unfortunate Mary—"never washed his hands"?

King James II. was something of a dandy, something of a ladies' man. So good a judge as the Grand Monarch considered him a gentleman. His life was spent among the nobility, and some of his associates are known to have been people of culture and refinement. How can any one believe that the accepted suitor of Anne Hyde, the lover of Arabella Churchill, and the companion of Louis XIV., "never washed his hands"?

No such "glittering generality" applies to the kings or to the people of those much-misunderstood ages. Even when our ancestors were barbarians, they were so fond of the water that their enemies frequently attacked and scattered them, when they had laid aside arms and clothing to enjoy a bath in some river or lake.

* * * *

Out in Texas, during the episode of the Bailey-Bryan near-debate, Mr. W. J. B. alluded to the Ten Commandments and the Democratic platform, in one and the same breath. The papers say that the comparison was "wildly cheered".

The Decalogue and the Denver platform are both treated in about the same way by the Democrats, but I can't understand the enthusiasm on the subject that seems to prevail in Texas.

* * * *

In all the volumes of talk and writing on the Fulton and steamboat celebration, nobody has mentioned it, and therefore I must:

At Barcelona, in 1543, the Emperor Charles V and all his court witnessed the performance of a steam-boiler boat, the invention of Captain Blasco De Garay. It was considered a curious but useless novelty in marine navigation. This steam vessel was a two-hundred-ton craft, propelled by wheels.

In the time of James I. of England (1566-1625), an Italian merchant, Giovanno Bianca, proposed to run the gristmills by steam. He created much amusement.

* * * *

Dr. W. B. Crumpton, whose "Reply to An Attack on Foreign Missions" has been widely circulated, declares that the Baptists give no more than fifteen cents a head to that work.

But if the sum total of all the contributions to the various mission "boards" have been doubled within the last few years, and if that sum total amounts to more than twenty-one million dollars, and if the fanatics are working night and day to double up again,—isn't it high time to be considering whether that money is not sorely needed by the heathen and the poor of our own land?

I haven't made any attack on Foreign Missions. My attack is on the methods employed.

Those who walked and talked with Christ had the best means of learning what He intended, when He told them to go into all the world, and preach His Gospel and teach the law of the new dispensation.

I don't like to cast reflections upon the memory of the Apostles and the heroic missionaries of all the eighteen hundred years who worked on the apostolic plan.

The system as we see it now is a new thing. It is a modern innovation. It amounts to saying that Paul and Barnabas did not know the Gospel plan. I think they did.

As long as we have so many millions of illiterate, irreligious and hungry people in our own national household, it seems to me wrong to be doing more for the foreigner than Paul and Peter and Timothy did.

* * * *

Did not all of us safe and sane high-brows declare that the Money Question was "done settled"? We "shore" did.

Nevertheless, the men who run things are going to reform our financial system. It appears that we need a great central bank. All of

the city dailies have been reminding us of the time, 1907, when "the government had to issue clearinghouse certificates".

Of course the government has never issued any clearinghouse certificates, but that's neither here nor there.

Remember, brethren, that the men who are running the government gave you the "best ever" tariff, which compels consumers to pay twice as much as is right for the necessaries and conveniences of life.

This being so, you can give a close guess as to the class in whose interest your money system is to be changed.

* * * *

The eagle watches the fish-hawk, and when this industrious bird has caught a fish and is flying toward home with it, the eagle swoops down and takes it away from him.

The lemon-raisers of California worked hard to secure an increase in the tariff on their product. They got it, but could not keep it. The railroads advanced freight rates on lemons—and the fish-hawk must go fishing again. Maybe the eagle will let *him* eat the next one. If the eagle robbed the weaker bird of *all* he caught, why, his majesty, the king, would have no fish.

* * * *

The duty on dress goods ranges from 157 to 165 per cent. The tariff on blankets varies all the way from 125 to 165 per cent. Woollens and worsted are taxed 151 per cent. Flannel underwear 130 per cent. Yarns 138 per cent. Shoddy 250 per cent.

What does that mean to you?

That your clothing is taxed to such an extent that you pay more than twice as much as it ought to cost you.

This tariff bill was made by New England, and President Taft declares that it is the best the country has ever had.

All the same, it is the shameful robbery of the consumer by the manufacturer.

* * * *

Bishop McFaul, of New Jersey, who recently instructed the Catholics to boycott our secular schools and colleges, favors a religious trust. He says that, just as various business corporations merge and form the irresistible trust, so must the several Christian sects come into a union, "to resist the enemies of society".

Wouldn't the Middle Ages and the Inquisition return with a rush, if the Protestants bite at this bait and become the "suckers" of Rome?

A Song of Thanksgiving

By Sam Walter Foss

I'M THANKFUL that the years are long—
However long they be,
They still are laboring and strong
That ever work for me.
This rose I cut with careless shears
And wear and throw away,
The cosmos wrought a million years
To make it mine a day.
This lily by the pasture bars,
Beneath the walnut tree,
Long ere the fire-mist formed in stars,
Was on its way to me.

The laws of property are lax—
My neighbor's farm is fine,
I'm thankful, though he pays the tax,
The best of it is mine.
No sheriff's clutch can loose my grip
On fields I have not sown,
Or shake my sense of ownership
In things I do not own.
I'm thankful for my neighbor's wood,
His orchard, lake and lea;
For, while my eyes continue good,
I own all I can see.

I'm thankful for this mighty age,
These days beyond compare,
When hope is such a heritage
And life a large affair.
We thank the gods for low and high,
Right, wrong (as well we may),
For all the work of days gone by—
Works goodness for today.
Here on Time's tableland we pause
To thank on bended knee,
To thank the gods for all that was,
And is, and is to be.

I'm thankful for the glow and grace
And winsome beauty of the Near,
The greatness of the Commonplace,
The glory of the Here.
I'm thankful for man's high emprise,
His stalwart sturdiness of soul,
The long look of his skyward eyes
That sights a far-off goal.
And so I feel to thank and bless
Both things unknown and understood—
And thank the stubborn thankfulness
That maketh all things good.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

Thanksgiving

THANKSGIVING, various seasonable suggestions remind us, rolls in during the goodly month of November. We are not as those whose heart-searching brings forth no cause for gratitude. We are thankful that the baseball season is over, and that football need not be with us very long. Not that we detest these

All Wool

—Ketten in New York *World*

sports in themselves, but because we like to see the periods of lucidity at least alternate with those of the madness, which thinks of nothing, sees nothing and reads of nothing but "the game." From a wholesome diversion, baseball has grown into a national malady, and we witness such a conscientious, Puritanical sheet as the *Boston Herald* discarding, with unctuous, though somewhat overstrained virtue, its comic supplement, but printing from two to four pages of "sporting news," mostly made up of what is popularly known as "dope." "Dope" is that indescribable jargon ground out by a brain-fagged sporting editor, with which to edify that interesting product dubbed a "fan" immediately upon the latter's return from witnessing the very game the jargon attempts to describe. The summer avocation of the "fan" proper consists of spending the morning in ecstatic contemplation of the possibilities of "the game," the afternoons in going to "the game," which, for his further delectation is spun out through double-headers, triple-headers, heaven-only-knows-how-many headers, rooting and hooting and raving through all the turns of victory and defeat; and the evenings poring over pink, purple, Nile-green and mauve "Wuxtrees" which warm over and dish up again all the delectable gossip of "the game." Nor does the "fan" hibernate and be forgotten; no, busy news-gatherers pickle and preserve choice items that are served to him all winter; he is told what the "Little Whirlwind," who is running a street-car in Weekawken, thinks of the prospects; and who is going to sign with the league, and a multitude of other equally instructive and delicious tidbits, until the following spring, when a thousand-thou-

sand "dope" artists voice their relief at again getting an actual something to write about in the gladsome cry, "Play ball!"

No, as we said before, we've nothing against the game as an amusement, but as the exclusive industry of an ever-growing army of wild-eyed fans, we are glad that the active season closes for normal folk before the turkey and cranberries are in order.

Mr. Taft's Junket

UNLESS signs fail, the public will be tolerably glad when Mr. Taft's thirteen thousand mile trip is over and he settles down to the ordinary routine. Prior to his inauguration Mr. Taft's touring seemed a genial effort to be sociable with those who desired to extend him hospitality. Mr. Taft, however, in the attitude of deliberately seeking popularity for himself and the favorites of his administration, has been a chill and dismal failure. He has declared "his policies" but, unfortunately for him, he has assumed too much of the attitude of the judge on the bench, in whom rests the final decision of the case, and upon whose word hangs the rapt attention of litigants. The attention has been profound and the interest keen, but the final decision rests with the listeners who have, in no instance, surrendered their right to be critical.

Freed from the verbiage of many speeches, Mr. Taft's opinions may be seen at a glance to be dangerous, in that he is behind even the better element of his own party, and hopelessly committed in important matters to the reactionaries. He has acclaimed the present Payne-Aldrich bill to be the best tariff measure the country has ever had, and has upheld Payne, Aldrich, Cannon and the entire body of both houses who voted affirmatively upon the bill. He has condemned especially the radical Republican element of the Middle West, and sought to lend his presidential influence to their political destruction. This, in the face of the constant rise in price of the necessaries of life and the revolt of all right-thinking men against trust domination, serves not to quell the tariff issue, or to promise that Mr. Taft himself will work steadily to modify the manifest injustices of the schedules; but champions the high protectionist gang, and says to the public, in effect: "A year ago I would not have dared to commend tariff robbery and corruption. I am safe in doing so now, because under whatever party names your representatives go to Washington, enough purchasable men will be found among them to negative any efforts the masses may make for reform. Privilege has no *real* opposition, and we disdain your feint of fighting us."

* * * *

Mr. Taft further declares himself in favor of the Nelson-Aldrich-Standard-Oil Central Bank scheme, which the country is to be "educated" to approve, or flimflammed into acquiescence in, which is the same thing.

* * * *

In the October *Jeffersonian*, the unsavory connection of Mr. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, with the Cunningham claim to the Alaska coal lands was commented upon. The outcome of

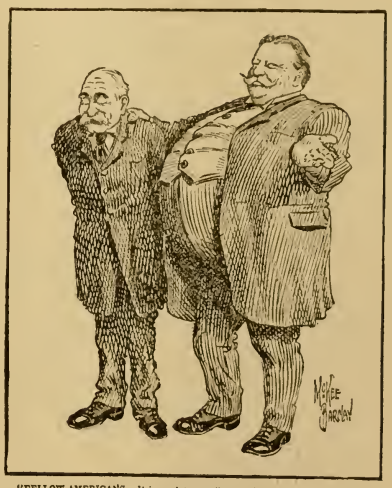
this case was the dismissal of Mr. Glavis on the ground that he "unjustly criticised his superior officer," and an elaborate defense of the Secretary, in which Mr. Taft attempted to demonstrate that while he was carrying out the "Roosevelt policies" as to conservation of the natural resources, he was doing so after nicer legal form than the ex-President used; and that, really, he was doing more than Roosevelt ever accomplished. When one in possession of *all* the facts chooses to present but that part of them which sustains his own contention, and no more, it is difficult for those who have no access to the data to dispute the conclusion. However, it is highly significant that Gifford Pinchot has not downed. He has gone on reiterating his charges that Ballinger is abetting the formation of a great power trust. Ex-Governor Pardee, of California, who had criticised the Interior Department adversely, has, since the President's defense of Ballinger, come out in an open letter charging:

"At the irrigation congress I read a copy of a letter approved by Secretary Ballinger and directing that over four million acres of land, previously withdrawn by Garfield to save power sites from being grabbed, should be restored to entry. This was but one of the several similar orders approved by Secretary Ballinger. The President mentions but one order of Ballinger's restoring to entry only one million and a half acres and says this order of restoration was upon a recommendation of the reclamation service.

"I have seen documentary evidence that the reclamation service argued with Secretary Ballinger against the restoration order of which the President speaks and that it reluctantly made the recommendation only after having been repeatedly ordered by Secretary Ballinger to do so."

The further fact that Mr. Taft opposes statehood for Alaska on the quaint ground that the people there are "too nomadic" argues that all is not crystal-clear in matters over which the Interior Department has sway.

WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?



"FELLOW-AMERICANS: It is my duty as well as my pleasure to introduce to you the Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, *The People's Friend!*"

—Baltimore *Sun*

* * * *

The suggestions made by the President for obviating some of the deplorable delays of the law have merited more consideration than anything else he has discussed, coming as they do from a lawyer after eleven years of an executive who was not learned in legal lore. The spirit of the times

is unquestionably impatient at the weight given by the courts to immaterial technicalities which prolong trials indefinitely, retard justice and vastly increase the burden and expense of litigation. In the Constitution of Oklahoma, for instance, is the explicit provision that new trials shall not be granted on technical grounds, where the errors complained of have no bearing upon the facts of the case and could not logically change the conclusion thereof, and other States are following this example. Facing the Supreme Court right now is such a docket as is appalling, and every inferior State or Federal court today is overwhelmed by unfinished business. The bench, bar and public all are eager for some method by which they may "close incidents" with some degree of finality. Yet, after all, reduction of cases is more a political and sociological matter than a legal one. Removal of tariff duties would wipe out the trusts and the resort to the courts in an effort to "control" them. General prosperity that enabled each man to live, work and pay his debts, instead of the vicious commercial policy which favors only the captains of industry would lessen materially every form of crime and misdemeanor. Panic years are years that bring in their wake years of strikes, violence, of theft, robbery, murder and every kind of felony.

FORGOTTEN

—Nashville *Banner*

Almost with mathematical certainty could these effects be predicted from our insane money system which periodically debauches and wrecks the nation. Ordinarily, men are not given to crime; ordinarily, they would prefer to pay their obligations and defraud no one. A government is *particeps criminis* when it throws a steadily increasing number of industrious and capable citizens upon the bitter alternative to steal or starve.

The reduction of cases, rather than the creation of new courts, would seem to be the enlightened plan. Public ownership and control of public utilities would abolish the frantic, ridiculous and futile efforts made at rate regulation, etc. The "Interstate Commerce Commission Court," offered as a means to solve vexed questions, amounts to nothing but a wheel within a wheel, and wouldn't make the vehicle run a bit better than it now does. Mr. Taft is apparently not so informed in the law, as mired. His ideas impress one as being slow, heavy and clogged by ancient prejudices.

* * * *

After favoring the Central Bank, the two next most vicious of the Taft policies are the ship subsidy, a measure to enrich the shipbuilder at the expense of the entire public, and the proposition to float a ten-million-dollar-bond issue to irrigate the arid lands of the West. Mr. Taft has seen the plain signs that an outraged and indignant West would unite with and angry and despoiled South against the Eastern "Plunderbund". Offering a ship subsidy and an irrigation scheme will have the effect of splitting the West into factions, the Middle West and the extreme West being set at odds. Before statehood becomes a fact, it is the purpose of the Republican administration to insure, by pandering to human selfishness, that New Mexico and Arizona shall come into the Union, to uphold instead of defeat special privilege, and, joining with California and Utah, throw up in the West the same bulwarks of Republicanism that New England is upon the Eastern shore.

Death of Governor Johnson

JUST at the time when the name of Johnson-of-the-West had become something to reckon with in the national counsels, this clean, strong man passed away. He represented something more than mere negative honesty. His struggle had been ever upward, from the humblest, least promising childhood to a position of distinct honor—not in that he won political laurels—but that he won them fairly and without surrender to the interests that traffic in men's thirst for office and the petty triumphs of the day. His last words were to his wife: "Well, Nora, I guess I'm going. We have made a brave fight." Their pathos recalls the tender lines of E. H. Harmon:

"In some sad hour I'll hold your trembling hand,
And plead the passing moments for delay,
When one of us must pass beyond the real,
And one must stay.
It matters not to us which it shall be;
Who first must tread alone the unknown ways,
But God be gentle, in that lonely hour,
To one who stays."

God has made all hearts gentler for the loss of a man, who, in the ruck of things, held high his own integrity, and, regardless of party affiliation, unite in regretting the loss of a good man.

The Bryan-Bailey Debate

IT must grate upon any one of sensibility that, no sooner had John A. Johnson, the prospective candidate of the Democratic party in 1912, been called by death, William J. Bryan and Joe Bailey should begin to divide his garments. Mr. Bryan has been vastly stirred over the tariff now, after being singularly ineffective at any opportune time. The bid of these two for leadership of "the dear old defunct Democracy" is not only ridiculous, but disgusting. Bryan is besmirched from the compromise with his own conscience and with the protective tariff barons; Bailey still reeks of petroleum, and the "issue" between them, divested of all superfluities, is simply: Has a Senator or a Congressman the right to repudiate the platform of his party and vote for a tariff where the provision was expressly for free materials? Negative, Bryan; affirmative, Bailey. On that limited question, we agree with Bryan. But another "issue" here arises which Mr. Bryan would do well to meet before attacking any one else for inconsistency: Has a candidate, in frantic attempt to obtain help, the right to make over a platform every four years, repudiating here what he advocated there, aligning himself this time with the rotten element he professed to fight on the other occasion? Bryan would have changed the Denver platform to suit the Bailey contention, beyond all doubt, if he had thought such reversal of attitude would have made him president, and if the lieutenants of the party have worshiped strange and abhorrent gods, Mr. Bryan himself may take the blame for showing them such a convincing example of the political expediency of stultification.

Politics Hot in Gotham

CONFIDENT of election, Judge Wm. J. Gaynor, Democratic candidate for mayor of New York City, exclaimed "Hereafter we will fight for reform on the *inside*." That Judge Gaynor has fought for reform on the outside seems to be conceded, but he should take to heart the experience of retiring Governor Franklin Fort, of New Jersey, whose valedictory was profoundly affecting. Under the Constitution of New Jersey, a governor has a two-year term and no more. Therefore, the Governor's address was quite free from the fear of giving offense that would prevent a re-election, and he indulged what must have been an oppressive desire to unburden his soul of its griefs. He, poor man, started gaily forth two years ago to fight the ungodly ring. He escapes with his life, but his coat, his cloak and the rest of his garments are in the hands of the ring. Somewhere we vaguely remember that some book said that one may not touch pitch without being defiled; and by the time Judge Gaynor wades through the miles of pitch between him and the mayoralty of New York, he will probably not be the Judge Gaynor of yore.

The Republicans, in the selection of Otto Bannard, have not been very happy in that this gentleman seems to be one of those "sound business administration" advocates, who arouse about as much public enthusiasm as a figure built of moist putty.

Teased and trapped, tricked and betrayed, William Randolph Hearst, decides to be among those who also run, whereat the wrath of Judge Gaynor boileth over.

The whole thing is a most unsavory mess. The alliance between Tammany and the Cannon crowd is open and notorious. No party in New York is strong enough to make a clean sweep of the Tammany-controlled element. Even should a fairly decent, well-meaning mayor be elected, his term of office would be one continual agony of humiliation and defeat in carrying out any real reform.

When Joe Cannon was in a blue funk over the prospective rules fight, seven Tammany Congressmen came to his aid. Republican Senators at Albany line up with Tammany Hall to keep New York City under the heel of corruption. When Fitzgerald, a New York Democratic Congressman, and Littauer, a Republican New York boss, constitute right and left wings of Cannonism, the situation is so plain that he who runs may read.

Roosevelt, et al., Thrown Out

DELAVAN SMITH and Chas. R. Williams, proprietors of the *Indianapolis News*, and defendants in the famous suit brought by the government, in which it was sought to drag them to the District of Columbia to answer to the charge of criminal libel, were on October 12th discharged by Federal Judge A. B. Anderson, of Indianapolis, at the conclusion of an impressive opinion in which occur the words:

> "That man has read the history of our institutions to little purpose who does not view with apprehension the success of such a proceeding as this to the end that citizens could be dragged from their homes to the District of Columbia, the seat of government, for trial under the circumstances of this case."

Bully for the judge. That's sound Americanism. During his remarks he also evinced an eminently human quality when he said:

> "Now there were many peculiar circumstances about the whole Panama canal business. I don't wish to be understood as reflecting upon anybody, in or out of office, except such person or persons as I may name. The revolution in Panama, the circumstances concerning it, were unusual and peculiar.
>
> "There were a number of people who thought there was something wrong—something not just exactly right about that transaction—and I say for myself that now I feel a natural curiosity to know what the real truth was."

The judge that isn't crusted over with the dust of decades, but who can voice a sane, sound almost humorous conclusion like that, is a wholesome and refreshing novelty.

The insolence with which Cromwell resisted all of the late Senator Morgan's protracted efforts to get the facts out of him—when the questions were so legitimate and so harmless, if there were no disgraceful things about the deal,—made it evident that there was something those treasury-raiders dared not make known. And the most shameful feature of the committee investi-

gation was the cynical boldness with which the other members of the committee took sides with Cromwell. Alabama's "grand old man" had to fight single-handed.

British Affairs

DAVID LLOYD-GEORGE has made one serious mistake recently in advocating his famous budget, which is regrettable. Threats are invariably a sign of weakness, and the threat of the

Home at Last After a High Old Time

—Louisville *Post*

Lords to throw out the tax budget was a confession on their part of defeat. For Lloyd-George to make a counter-threat of revolution is unwise. For their unwritten constitution the English have a reverence that would enlist the Lords themselves against such a party of peers who violated it and the strength of Lloyd-George's position is in the knowledge of this, instead of any dependence upon his party or upon the lower classes. His budget may strike the conservative English mind as highly socialistic, not to say revolutionary. But so long as Lloyd-George maintains that it is nothing but a tax measure and presents it in that form and no other, the Lords may writhe and squirm and plan future vengeance, but they can not tamper with it. Both sides are bluffing, but the leadership of George ought to rest upon the profound assurance that the Englishman's regard for his constitution and the relative rights of both houses thereunder will sustain, no matter how reluctantly, the new taxes.

* * * *

"Daughter am I in my mother's house, but mistress in my own," seems to be the sentiment actuating Canada in her project for a navy. In short, Canada is making preparations to enter the international arena of world powers.

Australia, too, is eagerly considering both navy and army measures that are deeply significant of the determination to be an independent nation.

* * * *

Despite the appeal of a delegation of "Afro-Africans" to the crown, the Federation of South African States goes on record, finally, as an exclusive white man's government, and four million native negroes are absolutely disfranchised. This, considering the white population there, is an enormous percentage, calculated to make the Crumpackers of that region gnash their teeth in frenzy. The brother-in-black had undisputed possession of the land for ages, with every chance to evolve a creditable civilization. He nev-

er did so. The Zulus remained blood-thirsty beasts, sans religion, art, science, literature, decency or duds until the Boers conquered the region and impressed it with their sturdy Teuton ideas and ideals. The picture of the delegation which went to England to plead for political rights and privileges shows these descendants of such creatures as worshiped Chaka and trembled before the witch-doctors carefully gotten up in Prince Alberts and the latest in patent leather and linen, slavishly imitating, and enormously proud of the white man's most inartistic garb. Glossily greased and adorned with the dried heads of their enemies, they would at least have displayed something of the sovereign spirit that would have entitled their claims to consideration. Left alone, the negro never dreams of any government except the crude despotism of force. Why should the white man anywhere admit him to the ballot-box?

"Go Way Back and Sit Down"

THE way Mr. Crane's ministerial chair was jerked from under him by Secretary Knox, just as he was about to sit down, is vastly amusing—and instructive. Mr. Crane's appointment was highly satisfactory to "the interests" largely personified by J. Pierpont Morgan, and his glorious mission was to fag assiduously for Wall Street. Glowing with genial and expansive joy, Mr. Crane went from dinner to banquet, waxing ever fuller and fuller of delicacies and self-complacency. He imitated the Taft smile, and that was a neat trick; he imitated the Taft chuckle, and it sent thrills of joy into the souls of his hearers—but, alas! He was so gracious as to permit himself to be loquacious! And now he is in Dutch with the administration.

"'Tis worser to have talked too much, than never to have talked at all," is a motto that should be hung at the foot of the bed of the aspiring statesman, so that it may get hold of his conscious mind at dawn of day, and even exert its influence upon him by night—lest the subconscious blab in his sleep.

If any one "inquires to know" WHY it is a crime for a diplomat not to be diplomatic, he should consider a moment that the ambassador is the one sent abroad to get the better of the nation he visits. To do this, he should warble gushingly about his personal friendship for that nation, and the undying affection in which it is held by his own country. The rule is always, to stab in the back. When, therefore, Crane openly stated that he was whetting the knife for China, that nation naturally took offense at the overthrow of historic precedent. Not at the purpose, be it understood, for China expects to be exploited, but at the *gaucherie* of Crane.

Carrying the discussion any further would be unwise. If the people of America and China wonder why unfriendly intentions should exist, and why, if they do, it is proper to conceal them instead of bringing them in the open so they may be modified, the answer would place the matter in the realm of morality, with which State departments have little to do.

The Morse Case

SPECULATION turns eagerly, relative to the law's delays, to the case of Chas. W. Morse, who was convicted by the inferior Federal court of New York last November for violation of the national banking laws, was released June last on bond, and who now has been remanded to prison following the failure of the United States Circuit Court of New York to reverse the decision of the lower court. A writ of certiorari will be the means of bringing this case to the Supreme Court. An affirmative decision there will result in enforcement of the fifteen years' sentence to prison.

In this case there has not been such prolonged delay as in many others, but it has been notable for the luxurious privileges extended the prisoner, and for his immediate resumption of responsible financial positions so soon as released on bond. But recently he was re-elected president of the Metropolitan Steamship Company, a New England corporation, and of the Hudson Navigation Company. It would be idiotic to presume that either of these corporations would employ, in the humblest capacity, a poor wretch who had been forced to petit larceny, no matter how eager the ex-convict might be to win back the respect of society and of himself. But Morse, a clever felon and a rich felon (whose Ice Trust sent many a baby to the grave), remained entirely blameless in their eyes, and the Supreme Court must be invoked in an effort to delay, as long as possible, a just punishment.

The American Issue —*National Magazine*

It is not pleasant to think of any man wearing stripes. It is infinitely saddening to think of prisons in which human beings are deprived of one of the dearest things on earth—liberty. Yet, since such restraints are in the present state of humanity necessary, it is even more distressing to see the callousness which is so wholly unaffected by a consideration of the wrong so long as its doer is brainy and rich. "Morse committed no crime, but he was caught," is the cynical conclusion his associates will draw, while they continue the same kind of manipulations with perhaps a little more care that they may avoid the same dire consequences. Would that the Morse case might arouse the dormant consciences, as well as the fears, of men who are following the same reckless, heartless speculation!

After the G. D.

INSPECTOR STUART, of Chicago, is trying out an experiment with the general delivery system in his city, on the idea that the unrestricted privilege to receive mail at the postoffice, instead of having it delivered at the individual's domicile, tends to favor immorality.

It is to be the rule that no person is to receive his mail at the general delivery window for a longer period than thirty days. If the mail be of legitimate, personal or business character there is no reason why it should not be delivered there every day for thirty years. Subjecting inquirers to the insolence of petty clerks is scarcely an American proceeding. Inspector Stuart demands that applicants for mail sign cards before mail is delivered, and then "investigation" is made of the signer. This is carrying paternalism a little too far. He justifies this experiment on the ground that thousands of girls have been lured away by surreptitious letters, and that homes are imperiled by husbands and wives making use of this secret means of communication. While the government should not lend itself to anything against morality, it is difficult to see how such espionage could be justified. "White-slavers" will quickly find other means of communication, and it is the exceptional husband who doesn't (or couldn't) receive mail at his place of employment, and the exceptional wife who doesn't receive letters during the hours when her lord and master is engaged in the panting pursuit of the elusive simoleon. And, after all, the mail may slay its thousands, but the phone gets its tens of thousands, and Uncle Sam's lame efforts to supervise will be set gleefully at naught.

Vindicated

—Triggs in New York *Press*

Spain Badly Embroiled

MOROCCO bids fair to go on being the "grave of imperial hopes." Spain has put her hand into the lion's mouth and the world wonders how it can be withdrawn without dismemberment. The battle with the Riff tribesmen (who are independent of the Sultan) near Melilla is practically over, not without serious loss to the Spanish forces; but the demand for $20,000,000 indemnity brings new complications. Of course the Riffians could hardly meet a debt of $20,000, nor is the entire Moroccan government in much better case. Spain's only chance to recover her financial loss lies in obtaining actual territorial rights in Morocco, a proceeding in which many other interests would have something to say. For the present, a general "hands-off" policy has prevailed, but its continuance is highly improbable in the event the war is pushed against the Sultan of Morocco himself. Not that any sympathy need be wasted on Mulai Hafid, whose throne was so recently gained by bloody fratricidal conflict, and whose response to the protest of civilized nations against the barbarities practised by his troops upon prisoners of war was his personal, almost indescribable torture of El Roghi, a leader of the rebellion against his despotism. But punishing the Sultan and profiting by his realm are two different things. The powers are quite willing that any one should do the first job as thoroughly as he pleases, but in the latter there must be division.

Alfonso's regime is in desperate straits. The populace remains stubbornly unconvinced of the righteousness of the hostilities and only the most decisive and complete success of Spanish arms will pacify them. This has not been the case. Instead, reports of disaster after disaster have been repressed, the Cortez should be convened and the ministry fears the result of so doing, while the execution and exile of the Barcelona revolutionists is done amid the sullen silence that bodes no good to the bigots of Spain.

* * * *

Since the foregoing was written, the entire civilized world has been outraged at the killing of Dr. Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish patriot who died as a hero and martyr to modern progress. "Long live the modern schools!" were his last brave words. He was not tried. He was not allowed to produce witnesses, or even speak in his own defense. The officer assigned to defend Ferrer protested against the unfairness shown, and was put in irons. In a civil court, shortly before, Ferrer had been acquitted, but the military court gave him no shadow of chance. He was a republican, was against monarchy and papacy.

This murder has caused all Spain to be in revolt, and Alfonso is a prisoner in his palace, while Maura and all his cabinet have resigned. All republican countries should suspend diplomatic relations with Spain, and patriots everywhere should execrate the bigotry which hounded Ferrer to his death.

A New Phase of the Rebating Evil

THE rebating evil, it develops, has not stopped even within the wide borders of our own land, but has involved the Holland American Steamship Line. As in some other cases that have stirred the country, the written evidence of this chicanery has been made public through the treachery of a

discharged employee. Letters proving that a number of railroads, among them the Central Vermont, Wabash, Ontario & Western, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, Erie, St. Paul, and the National Dispatch, have given rebates to trans-Atlantic shippers, with full knowledge of the moral wrong and the legal penalty. Indeed, one letter which is quoted warns a correspondent that if evidence of the transaction came to the attention of the Interstate Commerce Commission they would be liable to a fine of $20,000, which is the amount actually prescribed by the Hepburn act for each separate offense. The New York *World* has made these charges public, and shown that over two thousand separate instances of such rebating have occurred. Strangely enough, the caution of the malefactors facilitated their undoing, for instead of letting the correspondence pertaining to these cases be filed chronologically with the rest of their documents, they carefully set aside an impression book for these incriminating letters, which made it child's play for the discharged employee to simply walk off with it, and lay it before a powerful newspaper.

The law covers such rebates, having been framed in anticipation that collusion would be attempted between the steamship companies and the railroads, and the matter will occupy the early attention of the Federal grand jury.

* * * *

It is singular—and perhaps fitting—that great concerns which stoop to dishonest, cowardly methods of killing competition should be caught through the agency of a dishonest, cowardly clerk. Odd that trust magnates should rely upon the fidelity of the youth who, at ten to fifteen dollars a week, has yet no clutch upon the job. They "fire" him, and he ought to evaporate, but occasionally, to their immense chagrin, he flings their folly and wrong-doing in their face. It must terribly shake the railroad president's faith in human nature to have some despised underling be disloyal to his rascality, and depress him to the point of ceasing to care for the uplift of the Figians, or exhorting his Sunday-school class to good works.

The Sacred Duty of Sovereign States

THE grand jury of Baltimore is to be asked to investigate the cause of the death of Lieut. James N. Sutton, the young naval officer who was found dead about eighteen months ago. This case has been commented upon in the *Jeffersonians* from time to time. The history, briefly, is that the young man was reported a suicide; his mother and sister refused to credit the verdict, and after months of effort and importunity forced a second investigation, by a naval board which conducted proceedings with such scant regard for probing the truth that the second verdict of suicide was expected, and in its rendering the judge sneeringly stated that there was not the slightest evidence that the lieutenant came to his death by other than his own hand. If his hands had been tied behind him when the fatal shot was fired, the same verdict would have been ren-

dered, it being the obvious determination of this "court" to shield the guilty by suppressing and ignoring the facts. Subsequently, the body was disinterred, and such bruises (still apparent) were found as to make it difficult to believe that the poor boy had not been brutally beaten, and either shot to death, or shot in such manner after death as to make it feebly simulate suicide.

Now, after all these heart-rending months, the State courts are to be invoked for justice, and the mother, who has foregone her natural grief and aversion to publicity for the sake of clearing the cloud from her son's memory, will have the sympathy of the entire people in her effort to bring his murderers to justice.

* * * *

The Coulter case, on the reservation at Atlanta, ought to take the same direction, straight to the State courts. This was where a private was ruthlessly shot down for a slight breach of military discipline, and his slayers exonerated by the courtmartial which went through the motions of a trial. Georgia will not be blameless if the life of an humble soldier, within her borders in time of peace, can be taken and no reckoning be exacted of his slayers.

THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF DREWFORTH

By LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE

THE story of John Drewforth's recession is given here for the first time. It will assuredly baffle the mind of the medical profession, and offer a subject for conjecture among the students of mysteries.

Drewforth was a scientist who worked along unusual lines. It was he who discovered that extracting the yowl from a cat and inoculating the nightingale with it completely destroyed the song of that bird of romance, and made the hours in which it sang the hideous discord of night. Drewforth's contemporaries criticised him severely for his waste of talent and time, and admitted that although his experiment was wonderful, and far in advance of the age, it had no practical application to science, and was therefore a loss. Drewforth smiled at his critics and continued systematically extracting yowls.

But to the story itself.

To be exact, it was on the thirteenth day of August, 1899, at the turn of the day, John Drewforth entered my office and seated himself in the old Hugging Molly chair. His sensitive face expressed a high degree of excitement.

"Doctor Grimes," said he suddenly, "have you ever discovered that the human soul in its wonderful transitions of earth life has

periods of backward as well as forward growth? For instance, some men reach a stage of life when instead of maturing towards an old age they get younger and return to a stage of infancy."

"I see. They get in a stage of dotage," I said.

"No, not that," impatiently. "It's this way. Today, I have reached my fiftieth year. Fifty years and five months are my alotted span of life. From this hour on, instead of ripening towards the grave of old age, I will become younger each day, finally reaching the cradle age. Then, in a state of infancy, I will, on the thirteenth day of January, 1900, become extinct as it were, disappear for nine months, during which period I will become embryonic, and then return to the activities of earth, clothed in a new body which will have a fresh problem of existence to work out. Do I make myself clear, Doctor?"

As he spoke, I watched Drewforth furtively from the corner of my eyes, for the thought had come to me that my friend was laboring under some unusual mental stress. He did not, however, seem in any way to carry the marks of derangement; on the contrary, he was calm and eager to carry conviction with his strange idea.

"Do I make it clear to you?" he repeated anxiously.

"Quite clear," I replied.

"It is a wonderful experience," he continued earnestly. "You see, I will still retain the man's mind, and through that will have the power to feel all the gradation of suffering and pleasure. I will, in fact, live in heaven and hell, but with more intensity of feeling than I have ever known in the *progressive* period. Through the sensitive conscience of my subconsciousness, I will feel everything."

I was at the point of laughing, but the sincerity of John Drewforth checked me. Instead, I asked irrelevantly:

"And do all men hike back to the pacifyer and cutting-ring?"

I had made a mistake. In a moment Drewforth was on his feet, hat in hand, bowing frigidly, as he attempted to withdraw from the room. I restrained him, saying apologetically:

"Pardon me, Drewforth, and do not go. You rather astounded me. Go on, your theory—"

"It is fact, not theory, I am dealing with," he said sharply, resuming his seat. "I can readily understand your skepticism, but you shall, in time, have proof of the truth of what I am advancing."

"Does the fact then apply to all men?" I asked.

"No! Oh, no! Only are the elected few permitted to enjoy the experience. You have read in the Bible where many are called, but few chosen? To make this recession is what is meant by that. I am one of the few.

"It is something like progressive bridge," he went on; "the one who makes top score gets the prize. All cut for the consolation, and the lucky one gets that. I have made top scores. The prize in this game is to reincarnate through the most marvelous experience known to the subconscious mind. Think of the delight of traversing one's past, step by step, with a man's disciplined mind, that has the power to check off the errors and

credit up the success. It's great! I will joy for all the joy I've given, suffer for all the pain I've caused. The most trying period will be the year in which I discovered the method of extracting yowls. God! how that year will hurt through the thousands of cats I have experimented on. I will be very happy as a baby, for I am sure I gave the old women much pleasure when they cuddled me and I blabbered and goo-gooed to them. Doctor," he cried rapturously, "it is wonderful! Sublime! I will come to you on the thirteenth of each month until the end, and report to you the progress of the recession, for I desire, of all things, to have you know the case exactly as it is, for," here he drew near and whispered mysteriously, "*you, too, are one of the elected few.* Your time will come later. Good day; good day," and he was gone.

On the thirteenth of September, in the month following, John Drewforth returned to my office. It may have been my imagination playing me a trick, but I would have sworn he looked ten years younger. His face was flushed and expectant, and his eyes sparkling.

"I have shaken off ten years," he said in answer to the surprise in my eyes. "Today, I am forty years old. I greatly enjoy the bully-ragging of my critics, and the catawauling of my nightingales. It's sport; wonderful sport."

"But the cats!"—

"Horrible! Sometimes my paroxisms of torture are unendurable."

In a few moments he left me. I was nonplussed, nor could I fathom the source of his illusion, though I gave much thought to his case.

Drewforth, true to his promise, returned the thirteenth of October.

He was certainly much younger in appearance, and had an airy, care-free address that was charming.

"Thirty, today," he laughed, "and tomorrow I am to be married. My honeymoon is to be spent in my castle in Spain."

His vital manhood, bright eyes, and straight bearing were incomprehensible to me. He sat down a moment in the big chair, and recounted some of his hopes and dreams; then departed.

Next visit he made, he assumed the role of a student about to lose his diploma.

"Today is my twentieth birthday. I have been too jolly with the boys, Doctor, and the college widow. My examination, I am afraid, is going to the devil."

I assured him that with a few weeks of applied hard study he could make it successful, and much elated, he retired.

The thirteenth of December arrived. I had entirely forgotten Drewforth in the preparation of a paper to be read before the International Association of Medicine, on the subject of anti-epileptic serum, when, about ten o'clock at night, the door of my private office flew open, and Drewforth noisily ran in. He had the boisterous presence of a care-free, healthy boy. And, ye gods! was it the staid professor of scientific research who stood before me, tousled hair, wearing knee-trousers, a Dutch collar and flowing tie and a little red felt cap set jaun-

tily on the back of his head? He was also barelegged and wore no shoes.

"I shall not return, Doctor," he shouted, "for these last ten years are my *first* ten going backward. On the thirteenth of January you are to come to my house and see the curtain go down on the last chapter of this incarnation."

Before he left, I promised him to go to his house at the time designated. It was with much impatience that I awaited the day, and when it arrived I hastened as early in the morning as was possible.

John Drewforth's home was a quaint old building that rambled about in an isolated grove, in one of the oldest sections of New York. A negro servant ushered me in, and informed me that his master was ill but would receive me.

I discovered Drewforth lying among the pillars of his bed, robed in a white slip, and wearing a baby's cap. He was drinking milk from a bottle. His nurse, whom I afterwards learned had been his black mammy during his childhood, said that it was the only way he had received his nourishment for four weeks.

As the old negress left us alone, Drewforth said in a shrill, small voice: "The end is here, Grimes. I have made every arrangement for the future. I am to be buried beside my wife in an open casket, but in a securely locked vault. Nine months from today, you will receive the key to the vault which you are to open, and liberate me. I have arranged this that you will believe the truth of what you have heard and seen." He clasped my hand, and in a few hours he was dead.

The following day we buried him according to the way he had directed, and I then returned to my office to ponder over the strange occurrence.

Nine months passed. On the eve of the thirteenth of October I received in a mysterious way a key I knew to be the one to John Drewforth's vault. Early in the day following, I went out to the cemetery and unlocked the heavy grating; noisily, heavily it swung back. Within, I turned back the glass on the casket. As I did so, a handsome gray cat, sleek and purring, sprang out, and began rubbing its silky coat affectionately against my legs.

The body of John Drewforth was gone.

THE FIELD OF HOME MISSIONS

By L. A. ODOM
Captain Salvation Army

HAVING engaged for a number of years in home mission work, and being in hearty sympathy with your position on foreign missions, I will take the liberty of giving you some views and experiences as to my service in this particular field, i. e., the field of home mission work.

I have read with the greatest interest your reply in the September JEFFERSONIAN to Miss Janet Hay Houston, of Monitor, W. Va. I wish to state that I endorse unqualifiedly every phase and feature of your position—which appears to me as the only ground which a true patriot can take.

We find in the Bible—1st Timothy, 5th chapter, 8th verse—the following words from the greatest exponent of the Christian religion that ever lived, outside of Christ himself:

"*But if any man provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel.*"

* * * *

Now, Mr. Watson, there is no section of this great land of ours where there is not more or less suffering to be relieved; those under the shadow of poverty and its attendant evils to be cared for, and any proposition which has for its object the filching of money from the people which will in any way cut short the revenue which is intended to relieve home suffering is nothing short of a crime.

These fanatics who are raising the hue and cry about the heathen Chinee and the unspeakable Turk and beguiling the unwary to give of their substance in support of foreign missions come under the ban of the above Scriptural quotation.

I note some woman over in West Virginia is afraid that you will be devoured by worms—suffer the fate of Herod. Mr. Watson, it is simply fearful to think of such things. It seems to me that religious fanaticism is the wildest and craziest thing beneath the stars of heaven.

I have no special fear of reading in the public press where the Sage of Thomson has been smitten by the Angel of the Lord and eaten by worms. However, should such unwelcome news be heralded abroad in the land, I would shudder to think what had been the fate of some others if such a frightful visitation had been sent upon Thomas E. Watson—great Southern commoner, patriot, unterrified defender of the right;

This is the picture of a little girl who was rescued from a half tumbled down negro shanty, and who had been deserted by her mother. This child is one among about forty-five children who have been rescued from negro shanties, houses of ill-fame and other undesirable quarters in and around Montgomery the past three years.

relentless foe of wickedness in high places, and faithful friend to the destitute mothers and children of America; friend to all who are in distress.

From dawn of time down to the present moment, the inspiration and integrity of all society has been based on love of home, fireside and native land; the burthen of the poet, the theme of the orator, the study of the statesman, the sweetest strain in national anthem, the

inspiration of the patriot, and the bulwark of the republic.

The achievements of the Confederate soldier will shine with eternal lustre in Valhalla's hall because he poured out his blood for God, for home and his native land.

Would the name of Jefferson Davis be dear to every true patriot if he had spent his days trying to divert treasure from the South in a vain and fanatical endeavor to correct heathen customs in China, Japan and other Oriental countries?

The Scriptural curse is upon him who provides not for his own. But how about depriving the needy of that with which they have been provided?

This is the picture of one of the "Old Guard" of the South, who tramps about over the land, getting what he can. Is it better to take care of these old heroes than to spend money on the saddle-colored, ungrateful and immovable millions of China?

These deluded women who are shedding crocodile tears over the constricted feet of saffron-hued Orientals, and doing their wind-jamming about "Darkest Africa," I invite some of them to go with me to some of the cities I have worked in, and inspect the pale and despairing features of some miserable mother shackled by adversity—breathing the poisonous breath of wretched habitations; with the rose gone from her once beautiful cheeks; with emaciated children about her knee moaning for bread—and let her stand up then and tell me that we must maintain organizations to carry treasure across the multitudinous waves of the ocean to be expended in the fruitless task of coercing our religion into a people who were hoary with age when this republic was first born, and who are today the great menace to the peace and safety of the Western world.

I have spent many years in the home mission field in different parts of the United States, and what it is my purpose to review in this series of letters is not based on hearsay or rumor, but has come under my actual observation.

Home missions have been my hobby, my hope, my dream, and the theme of my prayers since I entered the work of the Lord, and it is my purpose to fight with all my ransomed powers anything that has a tendency to weaken this service; and it has been my observation that the agitation of foreign missions has hurt home work almost incalculably.

During the time this summer when I was engaged in raising funds for my Fresh Air Encampment for destitute mothers and children (a review of which appeared in your paper), I found that those who supported foreign missions most liberally were disposed to render me neither assistance nor encouragement in a service which has been pronounced to be one of the most humane and efficacious ever undertaken for the benefit of the unprivileged poor.

I beg to take issue with Miss Houston in her contention that foreign missions furnish the life-blood of home missions. The lady is sadly out of gear in her statement; *foreign missions is the vampire that is sapping and lapping the life-blood of home missions.*

Miss Houston wants to know how you would have felt standing among the child widows of India, and to have heard the wailing of the footbound children of China.

I have never stood among the "child widows of India" and I pray that I may never as long as there is a suffering destitute widow left on our own shores.

I am not suffering from insomnia on account of the "child widows of India"—and will not as long as we have so many

widows here at home right at our doors — sick, suffering and destitute. I have picked them up on the streets of cities with ofttimes as many as five and six small children—hungry, cold, ragged; destitute of funds and devoid of friends, and heard from their trembling lips an account of suffering which I feel sure, as compared with the "child widows of India," it might be said of the latter that they were indeed faring sumptuously.

I was born in the great State of Texas, and of course all my sentiments are Southern. I know there was no grander patriot who ever buckled on the harness of battle than the Confederate soldier; it is very difficult to compute the value of the Confederate soldier to Anglo-Saxon supremacy and to white man's government, and yet (it makes my heart sick to relate it) I have taken these heroes of the gray into my quarters, who have tramped for miles over the country in all kinds of weather, with bleeding feet, weary hearts—tattered, torn and hungry; men who followed Forrest in the whirlwind of battle; men who rode like a cyclone behind the black plume of Stuart driving Yankee invaders from the soil of the old dominion.

Is it right? Is it just? Is it humane?—to send money out of this country to Africa, India, Cuba, Mexico, etc., when the very men who saved this Southland to posterity—in fact, I claim, saved the republic (for were it not for the South as a balance-wheel to this government, the Great Jehovah himself could only divine what would be the fate of this republic)—are in desperate want?

In my estimation one Confederate soldier is of more value than every diamond-eyed celestial in the East and every naked nigger up and down the winding shores of the Congo river.

IN THE CARE OF THE FRESH AIR CAMP

* * * *

The history of prostitution in this country is a frightful chapter; it is something so terrible that it appals and staggers the mind to contemplate it. Thousands and thousands of girls annually going down in the maelstrom of degradation and death, and yet these blind fanatics are stalking over this

country beguiling and seducing the people; and not only blinding many to the conditions which exist here at home, but actually obstructing the work of relieving suffering here in our own land.

I have paid much attention to the rescue of stranded young women in cities, and I know the many dangers which beset them; and I know further that the service which pretends to protect helpless women in cities is very inadequate. My organization is doing a great work on this line, but they are hampered and handicapped for want of funds and co-operation by those who should join hands with them in the prosecution of so devoted a service.

* * * *

"Let the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing."

Let the wailings of the footbound children of China sweep to the very stars of heaven; let their saffron-hued extremities stay bound until inferno be transformed into that region over which Cook and Peary are squabbling, and the forked-tail master of ceremonies is taking a quiet skate on the translucent, if in order to release them we must continue thousands of unfortunate children who live under the Stars and Stripes in the bonds of poverty, crime, wretchedness and misery.

Let the Ganges continue to claim its victims;

Let the child widows of India whoop and howl;

Let the Juggernaut car roll on;

Let the tourniquet be tightened on yellow feet in the land of Buddhism;

LET THESE BE!

If to relieve them

The insatiate maw of the scarlet hell continues to drink in the lives and souls of our young womanhood.

If the wails of destitute widowhood, and the weepings of hungry, helpless orphans continue to ascend to heaven from our own land.

If the cruel Juggernaut of cold and calculating commerce continues to claim the lives and shrivel the souls of helpless children in the fetid and disease-infected confines of the factories of our land.

If thousands of our people continue

SOME TYPES THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY DISREGARDS

to live under the upas-tree of poverty, disease, crime and misery.

* * * *

If this is treason, Mr. Watson, then treason let it be.

Assuring you that our invocations ascend for you in the great work in which you are engaged; you may not receive the plaudits of fanatics, and misguided religious zealots, but suffering mortals will wreathe a sparkling chaplet and place it with willing hands upon the noble brow which has evolved so many treasures of thought in their behalf; and this will be a tribute that will catch the gleam of the stars and be reflected forever in the Paradise of God.

This is a picture of Mrs. Mary Dees, who resides in the city of Montgomery. She is more than one hundred years old, and is the widow of a Confederate veteran who laid down his life for the South on the fateful and bloody field of Gettysburg—and this was not the extent of her offering on the Altar of the South: in the same battle she lost three sons and a son-in-law. Mrs. Dees is supported by her daughter, who works at a local laundry for the pittance of $4 00 per week. She has not been able to stand on her feet for years. In spite of this she manages to do her housework by dragging herself around in a rawhide-bottom chair, roughly improvised with bed-rollers, in order to make it portable. Now, where is the charity in sending hundreds and thousands of dollars out of this country to the Heathen Chinee, the negroes of Africa, and the "child-widows" of India—when we have these old Spartan mothers of the South, who are practically without means to earn a living; these devoted ones who have made such a costly sacrifice for their country? I say, where is the humanity, where is the patriotism, and where is the philanthropy in sending money away from this land for the cause of Foreign Missions when we have such sacred obligations resting on us right at our doors? One old devoted heart and life like Mrs. Dees, who gave so much to perpetuate to posterity the blessings of Constitutional Liberty, is worth more to the world than every dusky-hued savage that ever darkened the shores of "Darkest Africa" since the dawn of time, and every saddle-colored, almond-eyed celestial that ever hit the pipe in the Orient and said his concatenations over a roasted rat.

LETTERS TO AARON BURR

[DESCRIBING THE HORRORS OF ST. DOMINGO WHEN THE NEGROES DROVE OUT THE FRENCH. PUBLISHED IN 1808. THE LETTERS WERE PROBABLY WRITTEN IN 1801-2. AARON BURR WAS AT THAT TIME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THE NAME OF THE LADY WRITER IS NOT GIVEN IN THE BOOK]

Letter V.

GENERAL ROCHAMBEAU, after having made a shameful capitulation with the negroes, has evacuated the Cape. He presented his superb horses to Dessalines, and then embarked with his suite, and all the inhabitants who chose to follow him, intending to fight his way through the British ships. They were, however, soon overpowered and taken. The English admiral would not admit the general-in-chief into his presence. He has been sent to Jamaica, from whence he will be transported to England.

Many of the inhabitants of the Cape have arrived here, after having lost everything they possessed. Numbers have remained. After the articles of capitulation were signed, three days were allowed for the evacuation, during which the negroes entered the town, and were so civil and treated the inhabitants with so much kindness and respect, that many who had embarked their effects, allured by the prospect of making a fortune rapidly, paid great sums to have them relanded, supposing they would be protected as they had been in the time of Toussaint. But in less than a week they found that they had flattered themselves with false hopes. A proclamation was issued by Dessalines, in which every white man was declared an enemy of the *indigenes*, as they call themselves, and their color alone deemed sufficient to make them hated and to devote them to destruction. The author of this eloquent production, a white man, became himself the first sacrifice.

The destined victims were assembled in a public square, where they were slaughtered by the negroes with the most unexampled cruelty. One brave man, who had often distinguished himself in the defense of the Cape and who had been weak enough to stay in it, seized with desperate fury the sword of one of the negroes, and killing several, at length fell, overpowered by numbers. A few were preserved from this day's massacre by their slaves. Some were concealed by the American merchants, though it was very dangerous to venture on such benevolent actions. One vessel was searched, and several inhabitants being found on board, they were taken and hanged. The mate of the vessel, though an American, shared their fate. The captain saved himself by declaring that he was ignorant of their being on board. Major B——, whom I have so often mentioned, had also the folly to stay. One of his slaves concealed him on the day of the massacre, and, shut up in a hogshead, he was put on board an

American vessel. After many perilous adventures he has arrived here, and relates scenes which can not be thought of without horror.

The women have not yet been killed; but they are exposed to every kind of insult, are driven from their houses, imprisoned, sent to work on the public roads; in fine, nothing can be imagined more dreadful than their situation.

Two amiable girls, whom I knew, hung to the neck of their father when the negroes seized him. They wept and entreated these monsters to spare him; but he was torn rudely from their arms. The youngest, attempting to follow him, received a blow on the head with a musket which laid her lifeless on the ground. The eldest, frantic with terror, clung to her father, when a ruthless negro pierced her with a bayonet, and she fell dead at his feet. The hapless father gave thanks to God that his unfortunate children had perished before him, and had not been exposed to the lingering sufferings and a more dreadful fate.

Some ladies have found protectors in the American merchants, who concealed them in their stores. Some have been saved by the British officers; but the greatest number have been driven into the streets, and many are forced to carry on their heads baskets of cannon balls from the arsenal to the fosse, a distance of at least three miles.

I enquired after a most accomplished and exemplary woman, who, with three beautiful daughters, remained at the Cape after the evacuation, and I have wept at the story of their sufferings till I am unable to relate them.

What could have induced these infatuated people to confide in the promises of the negroes? Yet, to what will not people submit to avoid the horrors of poverty, or allured by the hope of making a rapid fortune.

During the reign of Toussaint, the white inhabitants had been generally respected, and many of them, engaging in commerce, had accumulated money which they sent to the United States, where they are now living at their ease. Even at the arrival of the French fleet, the lives of the people, except in a few solitary instances, had been spared. These considerations had, without doubt, great weight; but, alas! how soon were their hopes blasted, and how dearly have they paid for their credulity. Yet, even these monsters, thirsting after blood, and unsated with carnage, preserved from among the devoted victims those whose talents could be useful to themselves. A printer and several artists have been suffered to live, but are closely guarded, and warned that their lives will be the forfeit of the first attempt to escape. With the sword suspended over their heads, they still cherish perhaps a secret hope of eluding the vigilance of their savage masters.

Letter VII.

Madame G——, a native of the Gonaives, having lost her husband at the beginning of the revolution, left St. Domingo, and sought a retreat from the horrors that ravaged that devoted island in the

peaceful obscurity of Barracoa. Three infant daughters cheered her solitude; and she found in cultivating their minds a never-failing source of delight. Some faithful slaves who had followed her supplied, by their industry, her wants. The beauty of her person, the elegance of her manners, and the propriety of her conduct rendered her the admiration of all who beheld her, whilst her benevolence, which shared with the poor the scanty pittance she possessed, made her the idol of those whose wants she relieved. Thus she lived, contented, if not happy, till the arrival of the French army at St. Domingo recalled its inhabitants to their deserted homes.

Madame G——, lured by the hope of reinstating her children in their paternal inheritance, left Barracoa, followed by the blessings and regrets of all to whom she was known. On arriving at the Cape she found a heap of ashes, and shuddered with horror at the dreary aspect of her native country. But she viewed her children, recollected that on her exertions they depended, and determined to sacrifice every thought of comfort to their advancement. Some houses she owned in the Cape, upon being rebuilt, promised to yield her a handsome revenue; and she passed in anxious expectation the time during which the army kept possession of the Cape. At length, the moment of the evacuation arrived, and the wretched Creoles were again reduced to the dreadful alternative of perishing with want in foreign countries or of becoming victims to the rage of the exasperated negroes in their own. Whilst Madame G— hesitated, she received a letter from one of the black chiefs, who had been a slave to her mother. He advised her not to think of leaving the country; assured her that it was the intention of Dessalines to protect all the white inhabitants who put confidence in him, and that herself and her children would be particularly respected. The dread of poverty in a strange country with three girls, the eldest of whom was only fifteen, induced her to stay. Many others, with less reason to expect protection, followed her example.

When the time allowed for the evacuation had expired, the negroes entered as masters. During the first days reigned a deceitful calm which was followed by a dreadful storm.

The proclamation of Dessalines, mentioned in my last letter, was published. Armed negroes entered the houses and drove the inhabitants into the streets. The men were led to prison, the women were loaded with chains. The unfortunate Madame G—— chained to her eldest daughter, and the two youngest chained together, thus toiled, exposed to the sun, from earliest dawn to setting day, followed by negroes, who on the least appearance of faintness, drove them forward with whips. A fortnight later the general massacre took place, but the four hopeless beings of whom I particularly write were not led to the field of slaughter. They were kept closely guarded, without knowing for what fate they were reserved, expecting every moment to hear their final sentence. They were sitting one day in a mournful silence, when the door of their prison opened, and the chief whose

letter had induced them to stay appeared. He saluted Madame G—— with great familiarity, told her it was to his orders she owed her life, and said he would continue his friendship and protection if she would give him her eldest daughter in marriage. The wretched mother caught the terrified Adelaide, who sank fainting o her arms. The menacing looks of the negro became more horrible. He advanced to seize the trembling girl. "Touch her not," cried the frantic mother, "death will be preferable to such protection." Turning coldly from her he said, "You shall have your choice." A few minutes after, a guard seized the mother and the two youngest daughters and carried them out, leaving the eldest insensible on the floor. They were borne to a gallows which had been erected before the prison, and immediately hanged. Adelaide was then carried to the house of the treacherous chief, who informed her of the fate of her mother, and asked her if she would consent to become his wife. "Ah! no," she replied, "let me follow my mother." A fate more dreadful awaited her. The monster gave her to his guard, who hung her by the throat on an iron hook in the marketplace, where the lovely, innocent, unfortunate victim slowly expired.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Ole Unker Barber

By Ada A. Mosher

Haid ez white ez wind-pick cotton,
Yon he sot—ole Unker Barber—
Out dar whar he allers sotten,
In the grapevime arbor.

Nebber nary word to say:
Dar he de endurin' time,
Dreamy-lak, jis dotterway,
Neaf de muskydime.

Mist lak river fog done drif'
Ober bofe ole eyes:
Cep'n, sometimes, dat un lif':
Dis doan nebber rise.

All his sugarcane done hoe:
All his cotton pick':
Light er life, hit trem'tin low
In de candlestick.

He doan know ole Miss done daid:
Clean fergot de day
He own se'f done he'p done laid
Young Marse Tom erway.

Seem lak he done driftin' fast—
"Flighty?" I doan know'm:
On'y yistiddy he ast
When Marse Tom come home.

He say he can see 'em standin'—
Po' ol Unker Barber—
Watchin' him fum yonder landin,'
Driftin' inter harbor.

Dat him singin': yaas: he kin:
But de chune done breaves
Lak er lil' lonesome win'
Rattlin' in dead leaves.

"My heabenly Home is bright en fair:
Ner pain ner death kin enter there:
I gwine Home"—it trembles so—
"To die no mo: to die no mo."

Haltingly and quavery—
Drifting, drifting fast—
Life's worn chain of slavery
Rusted thro' at last!

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

Chapter VI.

It was a quaint sight, even in Hollisville where quaint sights on this order were not at a premium, which met the eyes of Aileen, Miss Anderson, and Jim, as they stood one October day on the front porch of what the advertisements termed "Students' Manse." Slowly down the road, which in Hollisville was called a "street," came a little one-horse wagon, drawn by a gray mule. The wagon-body was shackly and the wheels, with the spokes bent outward, wobbled from side to side. The gray-bearded, stoop-shouldered old man in the wagon, after standing up to put on his coat in honor of the town, had just settled himself upon the plain board seat. He was now looking from side to side, uncertain of the house at which he was to stop. His gray mule proffered his kindly suggestion by regularly and patiently stopping at each gate. None of these suggestions so far met with the approval of the old man, who expressed his adverse opinion with the much befrazzled stump of a willow switch, which in its many previous encounters with its adversary seemed to have come out second best. The face of the girl, who sat beside the old man, could not be seen unless one were directly in front of her, for her big sunbonnet projected like a telescope pointed straight ahead.

The gray mule in the usual manner suggesting "Student's Manse," his master held his disapproval in abeyance and the switch aloft while he asked:

"Do you uns know whar Perfesser Tilson's house is?"

"Yes, sir," answered Jim in his usually hearty manner. "This is the place. Won't you alight and come in?"

"Wal, I don't keer ef'n I do," drawled the man. "I's brought my gal up ter school."

Jim went up to the wagon and holding out his hand asked, "What is the name?"

"My name's Jordan," was the reply.

The old man put away the frazzled stump of the willow switch in the foot of the wagon, wiped his brow with a red bandanna handkerchief, and stepped over the flop-sided wheel to the ground.

"And this is your daughter?" asked Jim, holding out his hand to Amanda, who sat quietly staring through the open end of her sunbonnet at the "Manse."

"Oh!" said the old man, "I'm a liar ef'n I ain't 'bout ter fergit my manners. That ar's Mandy. She ain't my daughter, but my granddaughter. *Amanda's* whut she wuz baptized, but we uns calls her *Mandy*. Shake hands wid de gentleman, Mandy."

He spoke to his granddaughter as if she were a child of four years.

"Mandy" shook hands with the gentleman.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Amanda, Let me help you out," said Jim.

But she had not been helped out of a wagon since she was a little girl, when, she remembered she had been taken up in men's arms and set on the ground. She did not know what else this gentleman could mean now, so she looked at him a moment, hesitating, and timidly scampered out over the wheel on the other side.

"This is Miss Hall and this Miss Anderson, both teachers," said Jim as they reached the piazza.

Mr. Jordan in recognition of the introduction looked over the rims of his steel spectacles, from one to another, his eye finally resting on Aileen. Wishing to make some remark appropriate to the occasion, he observed in a drawl:

"Wal, I'm er liar!"

This piece of information fell upon startled ears. The Psalmist once confessed, "I said in mine haste, 'all men are liars!'" That was long ago, and it has been remarked that if the Psalmist had lived in these modern days he might very properly eschew his haste and make the observation deliberately.

Nevertheless, when an individual makes this admission with respect to himself, it occasions great surprise. Fact is often more startling than fiction. The two young ladies looked surprised, nor could they get any cue from looking at each other, or Jim, who stood solemn as a priest, and observed:

"There are others."

All this while, Amanda stood on the edge of the piazza staring at the rest. Aileen, suddenly remembered her own "manners," excused herself, saying that she would go in and find the Professor. Miss Anderson took hold of both of Amanda's rough hard hands, and looking into her face in a kindly, gracious manner, asked her if she were not tired from her journey.

"Not so pow'ful much," said Amanda.

"Well, you must eat some dinner, and rest yourself this afternoon. Don't you want to take off your bonnet now?"

Without a word, the girl began taking off her bonnet. In a moment Aileen and Tilson came out and took the strangers into the parlor.

"Did you notice that girl's face?" said Miss Anderson to Jim when they had gone.

"Yes," said Jim, "but not closely. Why?"

"She looks like Aileen."

"Oh, no; the idea of such a thing."

"She has Aileen's eyes and there is something about her mouth and forehead. You notice the next time you see her."

Miss Hall, Miss Anderson, and Jim, having an appointment at the schoolhouse, the girl and her grandfather were left in the care of Tilson, who quite characteristically took them into the dining-room for dinner just as they were, with the dust and weariness of their forty miles through the sand on a hard board seat of a rough wagon. It was all right, so far as Mr. Jordan was concerned; he had done things similar to that for fifty-odd years. As for the girl, while she was tired and felt sorely awkward, she saw nothing strange or unusual in such a reception. She hung her bonnet on a chair in the dining-room and sat down without any expression of surprise or displeasure.

As two girls passed on their way out, each gave the other a nudge and a curious stare; and after they had passed out of the room, Amanda heard a suppressed talking and laughing in the hall. She sat silent, though, and one might have thought totally indifferent to any feature of her strange surroundings. She was tired and hungry, and she ate heartily of the rice, stewed hash, and macaroni. During the meal, Tilson told her grandfather of some of the wonderful things about the school, and of the still more wonderful way he managed it. The old man was much interested, and turned every now and then to his granddaughter saying, "Hear that ar, Mandy? Hear whut the Perfesser say is gwine to be?" But she said nothing. She just sat and ate and felt strange. Perhaps she was thinking of some of the things and people she had left behind. Let us take a brief glance at them, and learn how she came to be there.

Chapter VII.

Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President, started one day in August, prior to the opening of the school, on one of his frequent trips to the eastern section of the county, that portion known as "The Dark Corner." His road ran through a low, flat, savannah country, broken now and then by a patch of corn, cotton, or potatoes, carefully fenced in by a zigzag rail fence to keep the roaming hogs and cattle out. The road was sandy, the sand for much of the way six inches deep, and it was scarcely wide enough anywhere for two vehicles to pass. Vehicles, did I say? Tilson drove a shining bay horse to a shining top-buggy, with bright red wheels, newly enameled. All the other vehicles were of one pattern—a plain, square box, mounted on two crude wheels, two rough poles projecting from underneath, between which slowly plodded a half-fed ox with its tongue hanging out of its foamy mouth. The driver plodded along in the sand beside the ox. Meeting the great man in the magnificent turnout he would drive to one side of the road, stop and stare till the impressive spectacle had passed him, when he would turn, and, shading his eyes with his lean and rusty palm, look back till, buried in a cloud of dust or hidden by clumps of trees where the road turned, the vision from fairyland had faded from view and left him again in a world of stern reality.

"How far is it from here to Barhamville?" Tilson asked one man he met.

The man had already stopped his ox, and stood leaning up against the wheel of his cart. He spat a big mouthful of tobacco "juice" upon the shining nickel hub of the Professor's shining red buggy wheels and observed:

"To Bar'mville? Well, lemme see?"

He bit off a fresh "chaw" of tobacco, half closed his right eye, cocked his head to one side, and looked pensively over Tilson's head at the top of a tall pine tree on the other side of the road, and studied a while. Presently he said in a nasal drawl:

"Well, hit's 'bout fo'ten mile to ole man Bill Jordan's; en hit's 'bout—now lemme see! Hit's 'bout—yeh, hit's nine mile fum thar to Bar'mville."

Tilson drove on about two mile further and met another man with a cart. Of him he asked how far it was to Barhamville.

"Hit's jes twelve mile fum that ar piece of woods you jes pass," was the reply. In a moment he added, "That is, ef'n you gwine by ole man Bill Jordan's, which'n I 'low you is."

Tilson had never heard of Mr. Jordan, but as everybody seemed to mention him, he came to the conclusion he must be a prominent man in the community. About three hundred yards further on, he saw a woman chopping lightwood from a stump. He asked her the usual question.

"Wal," said she, "we uns calls hit sixteen mile ter ole man Bill Jordan's; en fum thar ter Bar'mville, hit's 'bout twenty mile, I reckin."

The Professor was quite used to the very certain but quite various ideas about distances on the road.

"Where does Tom Smith live?" he asked another man.

"Who? Tom Smith? Wal, you can't miss hit ter save yer life. You jes go right by ole man Bill Jordan's, en then you go 'bout two mile further on the same straight road. Thar's er road turns off jes atter you pass ole man Bill Jordan's, but you keep the same road en you see er little school-house off in the pines, but 'fo you git thar you turn off ter tue lef'. Then you jes keep the straight road fer erbout three mile, en then you turn off ter the right and go right over the swamp. Atter you git 'cross the Washmore Swamp, you find three roads, but you jes take the plainest road and then 'bout two mile futher anybody kin tell yer whar Tom Smith lives. You can't miss it."

Tilson drove on about six miles further, when he came to a place which appeared to his trained eye to be the habitation of a big man. The road was wider, there was a look of plenty, the farm seemed larger, and there were indications of an older settlement.

"It must be none other than the home of "Ole Man Bill Jordan,'" he thought.

The house was of the usual type, a one-story log house, but somewhat larger than those he had been passing, having several rooms, each evidently built at different times. It was set back on a sand hill, surrounded by stunted oak trees on either side, forming an avenue. In front were a number of log sheds, more or less tumbled down, patched, and propped up. These were for the stock, the corn, the farming tools, and the like. Strewn all over the place, he noticed every sort and description of old worn-out vehicle and farming implement the country was acquainted with, and numerous pieces everywhere—wheels in various stages of mechanical decomposition, ox-cart bodies, plowstocks, and heaps of odd pieces, which might have been the remains of the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay.

"Hello!"

This is the usual way of ringing the doorbell in the Dark Corner. No one answered.

"Hello!" he called again, somewhat louder than before.

In a few minutes, a pale, sallow-faced, timid-looking girl, about sixteen years old, with big blue eyes and brown disheveled hair, appeared at the door and stared curiously at the strangely dressed man in his strange vehicle. She was dressed in checked homespun, a plain, loosely-fitting garment, in one piece, striking her just below the knees. She wore no shoes, no stockings, and her bare legs were rough and sunburned from working in the fields. Yet she interested Tilson intensely, not because he had not seen the like before, but because he had. His acute eye had already observed the well-filled cribs of corn, the fat hogs rooting in the lot, and the six

or eight bales of cotton piled up in the grove.

"Is this where Mr. William Jordan lives?" he asked in a most impressive and pleasing manner.

"Naws'r," came the answer in a nasal drawl.

Tilson was genuinely surprised, and he sat wondering what next to do.

"Do you mean Bill Jordan?" This came a moment later without any change of tone or manner.

"Yes, certainly."

"Wal, then ef'n you mean him, this is whar he stays."

Tilson began taking off his gloves, dropping the reins. Presently Mrs. Jordan came to the door and asked him if he would not get out and come in. Mr. Jordan was down in the field "er git'n in the corn," but she "lowed" he would be home "terrectly."

Mrs. Jordan was barefooted. She, too, was dressed in a loose, one-piece garment of checked homespun, reaching to her ankles. There was, however, with hers, a crude attempt to gather it at the waist with a broad band of the same material as the dress.

"Thar's Grampa," said the girl drylý, as the Professor got out impressively. Tilson turned and beheld Ole Man Bill Jordan himself coming up through the grove, driving a rickety wagon laden with ripe corn, drawn by a gray mule. He reached the corn-crib, halted his mule, and came staring up to his visitor. He was a man of medium build, nearing sixty years old, slightly stooped, with a long, thick, shaggy beard covering the greater portion of his sallow, wrinkled face. His dark eyes were small and sunken, and he wore a pair of steel-framed spectacles that were set far down on his scrawny nose. Stopping now just in front of his visitor, he stood looking over the rims of his spectacles.

"How are you, Mr. Jordan?" said the Professor.

"I'm a liar ef'n you ain't got the 'vantage o' me," observed Ole Man Bill Jordan.

"I am Professor Tilson, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President of the Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, sir."

The old man eyed him in amazement for an instant, his under jaw gradually lengthening.

"Wal, I'll be dad smashed!" he exclaimed at length. Then stepping back a few feet, he inquired by way of proof of the startling fact, "You air?"

The Professor proved his identity by displaying the gilded head of his cane and majestically sticking his left thumb into the armhole of his vest so that his diamond studs might sparkle in the afternoon sun.

"But ef'n you air er ef'n you ain't, thar's one thing you air. You air welcome. Jis walk in the house, Perfesser, with the Ole Oman and Mandy whilst I put up yer hoss. I 'low you's gwine stay all night with us?"

Tilson "lowed" that he would be pleased to confer that honor.

"Wal, now, Perfesser," observed the old man, stopping his preparations for taking the horse out, "I don't reckin hit'll be es fine es you air use ter, cause we air jes plain folks, but ef'n you kin stan' hit, we'll give you the bes' we got."

"Certainly," said Tilson grandly. "I shall be glad to stay with you, for I hear the people all along the road speak of you as the most prominent man in this part of the country."

Mr. Jordan showed no signs of puffing up at this tribute to his prominence.

"Wal, I ben here in this country er long time, Perfesser, en mos' all of them knows me, I reckin."

Tilson started to assist in taking out the horse, but the old man said to him, "You'd better let me do this, Perfesser. You got on your fine clo'se."

"Oh, no," said Tilson. "These are my everyday clothes."

The old man was unbuckling the holding-back strap. He stopped and again eyed his visitor over the rims of his spectacles.

"Wal, then, I'm er liar ef'n you air use ter foolin' longside er no hoss."

The point was well taken with the Professor. He realized that while he must enter as much as possible into the lives of these people, he must yet beware lest they consider it possible for them to enter into his life; he must preserve in his manner and speech, as well as in his dress, sufficient distinction to show them that he lived in a bigger and better and altogether more to be desired world than they. Else, why should they send their children to him to be

made like him, wear clothes like his, know the things he knows, and gather to themselves the dignity, the portliness, and the greatness they see in him, which they may not have but which their children may? The Professor desisted from any further attempt to assist in such menial service as unhitching a horse. Taking his grip, his gloves, his cane, and his exalted self, he walked with great dignity and majesty into the house.

"So you air got a school up at Hollisville, air you?" asked Mr. Jordan when he came into the house.

"It is not a school. It is a college."

"And what mought that be?" asked Mr. Jordan.

"That," replied the Professor with the grand manner, "is an institution where boys and girls go to finish off their education."

"Now, that's what I am lookin' fer," said the old man, moving nearer to where the Professor sat, and showing a keen interest.

"One hundred dollars sure!" thought Tilson. Then he said in a surprised tone, "Is that so?" But quickly added: "Oh, yes, certainly, you are looking for a college to send your daughter to." It would not do to display any uncertainty of the fact that Miss Amanda had reached such a point of advancement that she was ready to be "finished off."

"Now you air talkin', Perfesser; though she ain't my daughter, but she's jes' the same as my daughter. Mandy's my daughter's gal whut's dead, and her paw is dead, too. Both uv 'em died when she wuz a leetle tinchy bits uv a gal. They wuz two chillun, this un en another one which'n we don't know whar she is. Her Paw lef' her in the city with some folks, en Mandy he lef' her fer a while with some folks over in Wilson, but he brought her here jes' fo' he died, en we is riz her since. En we wants ter give her er chance in the worl', which we 'low her sister in the city is er havin'. How much do you charge at yo' school, Perfesser?"

Tilson was not quite ready to answer that question. The H. C. M. I. had no rates. It was the financial policy of that institution first to find out what the patron had, and, if agreeable to all parties, take that. If for any reason this should not be agreeable to all parties, then some lesser amount was fixed upon. If, peradventure, some man were found who had no ready money, but who had, instead, a few large banks of sweet potatoes, or turnips, or cabbages, then an arrangement was perfected by which these surplus articles were taken in payment for tuition and board. So also with hogs, sheep, grits, molasses, butter, eggs, and all other farm produce.

But the financial agent of this institution had not enjoyed a sufficiently long acquaintance with Ole Man Bill Jordan to know what and how much that gentleman had; nor had he yet learned how much the old man would be willing to pay. Accordingly, the great educator waived this question of rates, and descanted at length and learnedly upon the great value of an education, and the duty of a parent to give his child the very best advantages the times and the great men of the times, one of which was there present, afforded. This was successful. So much interest did Mr. and Mrs. Jordan, and the young lady herself, take in this lecture and the great man who was delivering it, so entertaining was he, with his jokes and his smiles and his flow of big words and his elegant personality, which included the Prince Albert coat, the laundered collar, the paste diamond stud, and the enameled shoes, that after supper they sat out on the piazza until far into the night. Indeed, it must have been nearly nine o'clock before they went to bed.

To a man living thirty miles from a railroad, in a crude, primitive country, sparsely settled, and having no striking natural features such as mountains, or sea, or luxuriant woods, a visitor from town, a real, live, sure-enough one that wears gloves and eyeglasses and a high hat, and carries a cane, is a strange and interesting phenomenon. This man of the Dark Corner, to whom the Professor is not only a strange and interesting phenomenon, but a great man, is himself uninteresting, but so exceedingly uninteresting that he is interesting. While he and his family and their distinguished guest are asleep, then let us take a look at them. We may thus not only enlarge our circle of acquaintances among the people of this earth, but we may better understand the secret of success of Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson and the H. C. M. I.

The house, built of pine logs daubed with clay, an occasional piece of unplaned plank helping to keep the wind away, is set on the side of the road, surrounded by a few acres of cleared land, in a low, flat, unpropitious-looking country, in the midst of waste savannahs, on every side peering the ghastly faces of sapped turpentine trees. The turpentine worker and the timber cutter, wanderers and gatherers, have come and gone, leaving their marks of desolation upon the face of the woods, and upon the face of the man, a weary, stranded, helpless straggler, left in his ignorance, indolence and poverty, to dig a meagre sustenance from the undeveloped soil.

With the assistance of an ox, the Dark Corner man raises enough corn to make his bread and grits, which, with the bacon and lard he gets from his hogs, roaming through the woods, form his chief daily diet. If he has some swamp land, he has also a little patch of cane. From this he makes molasses, which he eats for dessert, three times a day, sopping it with corn-bread. In summer, he adds to his menu of bacon and grits—"hog and hominy"—a few garden vegetables, of which cabbage, boiled in plenteous pork, is his favorite. He likes this especially for supper, wondering the next day why he has indigestion. Sweet potatoes, also, he raises, banking them up in shucks covered over with dirt to save them from the frosts of winter. These, every now and then when he feels like he can afford it, he bakes or fries—in plenteous pork—thus relieving his precious supply of corn-meal and grits. Such luxuries as sugar, coffee, wheat-bread, and clothes he indulges in but sparingly.

The Dark Corner woman does all the house-work, which consists in cooking the greasy meals, milking the cow—when there is one—and making up the beds. Once every week she washes what few clothes the family wears, and every now and then she sweeps. She spins cotton and weaves it into coarse cloth, out of which she makes the bed linen and clothes for herself and the children, and sometimes for her husband. In addition to this, when there is a press of farm work, which is about the only time her husband himself does any really hard work, she goes out with him and helps in the field. Mr. Dark Corner Man plows and hoes the corn and the little cotton patch. He also carries corn to the mill, he and the ox, once a week. The mill is four miles away; going to mill and back is a day's job.

But these people, simple, indigent, and poverty-stricken as they are, are yet independent, having at hand the means of supplying their simple animal wants. They have few of any other kind of wants, and what they have are supplied in their religion, which is their one intellectual emotional exercise. They go to church once a month, learn the deaths and marriages among their neighbors, hear the preacher shout for an hour on the way Christ was baptized, Justification by Faith, the Apostolic Succession, Predestination, or Redemption by the Blood of the Lamb, and are satisfied. Such questions as, Why is Crime on the Increase, The Downward Tendencies of the Republic, and The Perpetuation of Aryan Civilization, disturb not their peaceful slumbers, nor cause the noonday meal to go untasted. They have no books, take no newspapers, get no mail, have no telephone in the house, have no party calls to pay, no club meetings to attend, and spend little time looking over fashion plates and talking to insurance agents.

Their habits of life are simple and regular. They get up at early dawn and have breakfast "ber sun up." If it is in the busy season on the farm, the men and boys and the girls, and often the mother, go off just after breakfast to work in the fields. If there is no work of any kind to do, they all get up just the same and breakfast "ber sun up." The oxen are soon fed, and the housework is quickly done as usual. The rest of the day they all just sit down and wait for night. They do not read, often they can not; they play no games, have no company except at rare intervals: so that in "lay by time" or when it is too wet to plow, or in winter when there is plenty of lightwood (pronounced "light-ud") gathered and split up, and enough corn shucked for immediate use, the chief occupation is to sit down, bestirring themselves enough to cook and eat their three meals a day; then sleep. The women are a little better off than the men, having more resources; they can knit. The men's energies must be expended on their pipes. They do not sleep

in the day time, these people: the nights are always long enough for sleep, for night with them begins at dark. After supper they sit down for half an hour, or not so long, by the light of a pine torch—a "lightud knot"—or by the blaze upon the hearth, and then go to bed. The next morning, they rise up and proceed as before.

However ignorant now, and however deeply steeped in poverty, the doors to the homes of the Dark Corner people are open at all times to any stranger, or to any visitor from anywhere who may choose to honor them with his company. They are like most other people, though; that is, they expect guests to entertain rather than be entertained. A visitor must, with them as with other people, earn the hospitality he receives by helping them to kill time, of which they have a surplus. Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson understands well how to do this. He has studied it. There is no man, however ignorant, poor, lazy, or indolent who does not possess in some form a thirst for knowledge. It may not be for classical lore, you understand, nor for great scientific truths, nor philosophical and speculative theories. It often does not extend beyond the desire to know what the President eats for luncheon, or the cut and color of a neighbor's dress. Gossip itself, so much condemned, is but a popular and agreeable exercise of this faculty possessed by all human kind whose function is to reach out after truth. The mind, like the body, can live only by the sustenance it gets from without. It, too, must have accretions. An accretion may be the fact that every molecule of matter attracts every other molecule with a force inversely proportional to the square of the distance, or the fact that it rained four miles up the road this afternoon. It may be the fact that King Solomon in his day was much given to matrimony, or that Sally Newton and Joe Watson ran away and got married last night. The Professor knows this and he governs himself accordingly, having at hand always that with which to supply the accretions to the Dark Corner minds. Mr. Dark Corner Man likes also to laugh. In common with all good people, he must laugh. And, though endowed, perhaps, with a less keen sense of humor, he yet sees things to laugh at which others can not see. Associating day after day with the dull members of his own family, whose ability to see relations is hedged about with such narrow limitations, although the ludicrous in a situation or in a remark may escape him, being yet compelled to laugh, it is but natural that he should develop the habit of laughing upon small provocation. But the provocation has more durable properties with him. He hears a joke—whether he sees the point or whether there is any point, is of little consequence or concern; he laughs because it is a joke. Then he tells it to his wife and laughs at it again. The next day he tells it to his wife again and then she laughs with him. He tells it to her every day for several weeks and each time they laugh. And so his jokes last a long time, which is a wise provision of Providence. As the good people of Drumtochty made it a rule never to laugh to their fullest heartiness at anything however funny because they feared something funnier might happen when they would not know what to do, so our good people of Dark Corner make it a rule to laugh just as long as possible at one joke for fear it may be a long time before they hear another. And so the wise Professor has already at hand a full stock of jokes to tell his hosts. Some of them had whiskers before you and I were born, but they are new in the Dark Corner, and will be told there, and laughed over, for a hundred years or more after you and I are dead.

Having had a glance at these people, you must yet be mindful of the wholly histrionic character of the journey among them of the distinguished educator. He plays a part, and as in most modern plays, the lines are subordinated to the costume, the scenery and the stage effects.

Steam-laundered collars and cuffs! Most of the Dark Corner people had never heard of them.

"What collars they do wear in town, George! the Professor once overheard. "Is they paper, you 'low?"

"No. Celluloid, you blame fool, you!"

"Lor! You fellers don't know nothin'. Them's jis reg'lar sto' bought collars, but they's done up in a fact'ry like place. They calls them lawny collars er sump'n like that."

The Professor thereafter took particular pains that his linen should be the subject of attention and remark.

Likewise his hat. One or two out of a large family with which one night he stopped had heard of a man who had once seen a high silk hat. From this time on, the Professor invariably wore a high silk hat.

"Early to bed, early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

To which, bearing in mind Ole Man Bill Jordan and others like him, we might add a line,

"All of which is a pack of lies."

Tilson's discourse on education had a powerful effect. In the morning the two men walked out to look at the pigs.

"Perfesser, I ben thinkin' 'bout whut you wuz saying las' night, en the Ole Oman en me ben talkin' 'bout hit. Hit's jes whut I ben sayin'. I b'lieves in ejjication. I jes tol' the Ole Oman tother day, en she'll tell you the same thing, that I'm a liar ef'n the very bes' thing you can give er chile ain't er good ejjication."

"There can be no doubt about that," said Tilson with impressiveness, "and I'm not at all surprised to see a man of your high position look at it that way."

"Wal, hit's this erway, Perfesser, ez I wuz er sayin' ter the Ole Oman," continued Mr. Jordan, encouraged by this commendation from the great man, "I says to the Ole Oman, you mout give 'em lan' but they kin mortgage hit, en likely ez not lose hit: en then you mout give 'em money, but that ain't ez good ez land, cause they kin run thoo that. But ef'n you give 'em er ejjication, you give em sump'n whut they can't never spen' en whut ain't nobody kin take hit erway fum 'em. Yas'r, Perfesser, I air always been a pow'ful b'liever in ejjication."

"You certainly have the right idea about things, Mr. Jordan," observed Tilson. "It does me good to talk with a man of such liberal views, and such sound ones."

"Yas'r, thar's no doubt 'bout hit 'tall. Hit's the bes' thing er man kin give his chillun."

They had returned to the house and had taken seats on the piazza. The old man drew up his chair near to his visitor and peered intently into his face.

"Now, Perfesser, le's me'n you talk er little business."

The professor was now ready for business.

"Thar's Mandy, now, Perfesser, I done tol' yer 'bout how her maw and paw air both dead en how she wuz brought out hyuh whar she wan't bawn. Wal, now I wants ter give her er better chance, en I wants ter give her sump'n whut nobody can't take erway fum her. She's er pooty peert gal ez you seed, en she's pooty fer erlong in books, too. She's been gwine ter school hyuh in the country three er fo' months ever' year sence she wuz eight year ole, n she's gwine on seventeen now. Sh's erbout gone ez fur ez she kin go hyuh, en now I wants ter sen' her up thar ter you fer er munt er two ter finish off."

Tilson did not laugh. He could not expect "fer er munt er two" of tuition and board to get all the proceeds of the cotton he saw piled up in the grove before him, but he felt satisfied that once the girl was up at Hollisville she would want to stay longer, and he believed that the old man would be willing to let her do as she liked.

It was soon put in black and white, for "business is business," said Tilson, that Amanda should go to Hollisville. Mr. Jordan promised to pay ten dollars a month for her board, ten for tuition, ten for uniform and five for her books.

The matter of Amanda's advancement or of her fitting into any of the classes in the Institute had not occurred to the Professor at all, but Mr. Jordan already felt proud of the high stand she would take.

"She's er mazin' smart gal, Perfesser. She's fur erhead er any er the res' down hyuh. Some teachers whut we's been git'n hyuh can't teach her no mo'; en that's why I air been want'n her to go off ter school. She knows everything they kin teach. Now jes' for instance, one er the teachers we had last year said Mandy oughter be studdy'n grammar; but they ain't nobody come erlong whut kin teach that ar study. I reckin', though, you kin teach hit up thar at yo' school, can't you, Perfesser?"

"Oh yes," said the Professor grandly, as if the teaching of grammar was as common a thing with him as twisting his moustache, which little ornament he did twist slightly then by way

of illustration. "We have a dozen classes in grammar."

"Now, 'bout 'rithmetic," continued Mr. Jordan; "she knows 'rithmetick right smart. I'm er liar ef'n I ain't heerd her myself say the fif' table back'ards en for'ards en evr' other way. I don't reckin you got any boys er gals whut'll beat her in 'rithmetic.

It was upon his granddaughter's moral qualities, though, that the old man grew most enthusiastic.

"She won't give you no trouble, Perfesser. Naw, sur; she's one er the best gals I ever seen in my life. She's ez good ez they make 'em. She ain't never ben no trouble ter us at home, en they ain't ben no teacher hyuh yit whut's complained uv her. Yas'r, you air gwi fin' she's er mazin' good gal."

Tilson having said goodby to Mrs. Jordan and Amanda, the old man followed him out to the buggy. After Tilson got in, Mr. Jordan leaned over the wheel and said confidentially, but with the conscious look of a gratified father, "Ter tell you the straight truth, Perfesser, I air watched her mighty close ever sence she's been hyuh with us, en I ain't never heerd her use er cuss word in her life."

Observing a strange look on the Professor's face which he took for incredulity, he added with earnest emphasis,

"I'm er liar ef'n that ain't ther God's truth; en the Ole Oman'll tell you the same thing."

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE)

THE FIRST FIRE OF AUTUMN

By WADE CALDWELL

DO YOU remember it? The first fire of autumn? I dare say you do; let it have been last autumn-time, or fifty autumns ago.

Hatless, coatless, barefooted and barelegged, you, with little brothers and sisters likewise clad, are out under the old oaks a-playing. The sun has been down more than an half-hour, yet the soft glow of the long autumn twilight still flares up midway the west skies. The foliage on the old oaks is yellow, and the grass and flowers beneath them are yellow, and the filmy raft of cirrus clouds drifting slowly athwart the yellow twilight also is trimmed and laced with yellow.

It is not so dark as to make bears and Indians out of every post and bush and low-swinging limb, yet all things are veiled in sufficient glamour to fill you with those gleeful spirits the novelty of any very sudden and decided change in the prospect of Nature is wont to awaken in the heart of a child. And there is something in the calm, crisp air that makes your vital organs go strong, and your blood go fast, and your breath go deep and full. Nor is it too cold for you to sprawl for an hour on the yellow grass, nor is it too hot for you to race for an hour through the goldenrods.

So pure and transmissive is the atmosphere, the bark of a distant dog, the low of a distant cow, the clatter of a horse's hoofs away up the old highroad, and the far-off halloa of some homebound body from the fields, come to you so clear and distinct they seem like voices from another world. In sooth, you feel like the joys of all

the worlds were come about you as you frisk and frolic around beneath the great old trees, making all manner of noises, cutting all manner of capers in all the manner of senseless, sinless games conceived in the innocence of artless, guileless youth, merry to madness with the charm of the autumn twilight. And you wish the twilight would last forever, and you would remain a child forever, forever running in endless play.

Dear little children, how happy you were, playing in the autumn twilight!

But hold, there! Of a sudden a swathe of quavering, red light bursts out from the front doorway of the house, and one of the front windows is illumined with the same manner of light. And for a moment you stand as mute as the still winds about you and stare intently at the lights. And then, without knowing any more why you did so than why you did what you were doing, you forgot those other world joys, forgot the twilight, forgot your madcap play, and with a shrill and shriek of delight you scamper off to the house; for father has kindled a fire in the sitting-room. And, it is the first fire of autumn!

The room is full of light. Not the cold, silent, sepulchral light of a lamp, but real, warm, live light; light that flits and skips about over the floor, over tables, and over the walls in pursuit of the fleeing shadows as if imbued with a spirit as full of whole-hearted happiness as yourself.

And now you discover that you are cold, and you did not know it! You stand on the hearth, grin and squint your eyes at the fire, and with the soles of your feet, which have been seasoned in the hot sands of many a long summer day, repeatedly rasp the calves and shins of your bare, brown legs, for they sting and smart in the warm glow of the fire. And then you turn round and draw your hands through each other as you look strangely at the cracks in the floor, the books on the tables, and the pictures on the walls. You have viewed the contents of the room many times daily, by lamplight and by sunlight, during the last half-year without a passing notice. But tonight it all seems to possess a new interest somehow, especially the pictures on the walls; as the light and the shadows play upon them, race over them, the landscape scenes on the calendars seem to be full of living, moving things, and the photographs appear to smile and bow at you, and you can but feel them to be the country-side folks come in to join you in welcoming back your old friend—the fire.

And the fire, fed on the rich pine splinters prudent father has had in the dry for several weeks against this very evening, crackles and sparkles, and licks and leaps, and hums a low, homely song as if it were right glad to be back on the old hearth again, right glad to be with you all again: for it is the First Fire of Autumn!

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—Chapter X.

AS JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was as much responsible for the Civil War as any other individual, we will devote this chapter to him and his administration, during which term of four years more incidents of lasting influence occurred than we find mentioned in the average history.

But while we will go out to Georgetown to pay a visit to the fallen giant Crawford, and take a trip to Georgia to see one of the greatest of American personalities, and while we may join the war party of Creeks who are sent to take vengeance upon General William McIntosh for his sale of the tribal land, you must not forget, for one moment, that Andrew Jackson is running for President.

State authorities may clash with the Federal government, Indians may be on the warpath, Congress may set itself against President Adams and thwart such policies as he favors—none of these things greatly interest the old hero of the Hermitage. He has frothed at the mouth so often about the "bargain and corruption" which defeated him at the last election that he believes, unshakably, that Clay and Adams did come to an agreement before the one supported the other.

There never was a scintilla of evidence to sustain the charge, but the tremendous driving force of Andrew Jackson whirled it over the whole country, and it was a death-blow to the Presidential aspirations of both Adams and Clay. By the unwritten law, Mr. Adams was entitled to a second term. His failure to get it angered him intensely, for he regarded the discrimination against him as a personal humiliation. A Southern man, supported by his section, was the cause of Adams' misfortune; and herein lies *one* explanation of that raging hatred of the South which the remainder of his life so vividly displayed.

While I am relating the various events which follow, you must keep ever in mind that Jackson and his friends are working away on his campaign, every week of the four years covered by this chapter. He departs somewhat from that lofty policy of indifference. The people, of course, are to say whom they want for the next term of the Presidency, but General Jackson is now willing to do a good deal to help the people come to the conclusion that *he* is the man whom they prefer. He accepts invitations to appear in public, attends banquets, holds receptions; and at New Orleans his friends arrange a monster demonstration which serves to remind the people of the crushing defeat he there inflicted upon the British.

But although the old General was doing lots of handshaking, and was receiving numerous ovations, he remained the same choleric person that he had always been. Riding along the highway one day, near his

Alabama plantation, the General met the overseer of the place. Surprised to find his trusted agent absent from his post of duty, the General made inquiry of him to the effect, "Why are you not on the plantation, as you are paid to be?" The agent, a much younger man than Jackson, gave the hero a "sassy" reply. Whereupon, the General whaled him with his stick.

The man sneaked off to the nearest justice of the peace, and swore out a warrant against the General. Being a candidate for the Presidency, Jackson was not able to afford the luxury of defying the law, as he had so often done in his past, so he appeared before the court, confessed the battery, was fined a small sum, and respectfully paid it.

(In those days justices of the peace were almost as big as Federal judges and municipal recorders are, at the present time.)

Temporarily, we bid the old General adieu, leaving him to press fiercely on in one of the most savage political campaigns that ever convulsed the republic—a campaign of abuse, of lies, of fist-and-skull fights, of cutting scrapes and shooting affairs; a campaign in which virulent accusations were hurled back and forth by furious partisans who respected neither man nor woman, neither the living nor the dead. Jackson himself had set the pace by his violence of speech, immediately after the senatorial confirmation of Henry Clay as Secretary of State. Violence begets violence, of course, and before the bloody fight was ended, his own wife, good Aunt Rachel, had been talked about and written about, as though she were an adulteress; and Jackson was to weep tears of impotent rage and bitter grief, because of flings at his mother.

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In the very prime of life, William H. Crawford was stricken down, an incompetent country physician having given him lobelia for erysipelas. Almost blind, unable to articulate words distinctly, his walk a mere waddle, and his strength insufficient to support him for more than a few steps at a time, the once physical and intellectual giant had become as pitiable a wreck as ever saddened the heart of wife and child and friend.

Now, while Crawford was in this condition, political rancor continued to shoot poisoned arrows at him, and he was accused of illegalities in the handling of the public funds. Congress investigated, found everything as it should be, and exonerated Crawford unanimously. But the sting lay in the fact that the newspaper, in which the most venomous of these attacks were made, was a Calhoun organ, subsidized by Calhoun and edited by one of the clerks of the War Office, employed and retained by Calhoun. These two great Southerners, Crawford and Calhoun, had been boys together, at school; had studied and played on the grounds of the Waddell Academy; had browsed together among the books of the Waddell library. They had been lifelong friends; and these wicked assaults upon the honor of the Georgian—continued for a whole year in the columns of a paper edited by a Calhoun clerk, and

sustained by Calhoun money—cut Crawford to the quick. He never forgave it. Later on, we shall see how the paralytic took his revenge.

In "The Life and Times of William H. Crawford", by Hon. J. E. D. Shipp, there is a chapter describing the beautiful home-life of the invalid, in the suburban home to which he had retreated; and one can almost see and hear the sorrowful friends who come from the capitol on that snowy day of February, 1824, to bring the sad news that the day of Crawford, as a national figure, is over. After all, the swift runner has missed the goal; after all, the strong swimmer has gone under. As the messengers tell their story, an expression of surprise and of melancholy spreads over the invalid's face; but he soon rallies, is himself again, and even jokes his friend Thomas W. Cobb about "laughing on the wrong side of your mouth"—for Cobb was about to cry.

When Nathaniel Macon described how heartily General Jackson had congratulated and shaken hands with Mr. Adams, the blunt Crawford exclaimed:

> "That was a useless piece of hypocrisy. It deceived no one. Shaking hands was very well—was right—but the congratulatory speech might have been omitted. I like honesty in all things."

Now, let us see whether Crawford practiced what he preached. Notwithstanding the fact that the diary of John Quincy Adams paints Crawford in very dark colors, the assiduous keeper of that malevolent record tendered the treasury portfolio to the statesman whom the diarist so cruelly maligned—the tender being couched in the language of respect and friendship.

Crawford was poor, had a large family to support, and the temptation to remain in Washington, where he would enjoy a good salary, and still cut a national figure, might have overcome almost any other man. He himself did not hesitate a moment. He declined the office, for the reason that to serve under Mr. Adams would compromise his principles.

So the family bade farewell forever to greatness and luxury, returning to the humble country home at Woodlawn (now Crawford Station, on the Athens branch of the Georgia Railroad), where the broken statesman spent the remainder of his life. He was appointed Judge of the Superior Court of his circuit, and discharged its duties until his death, in September, 1834.

* * * * * * * * *

In many respects George M. Troup was one of the strongest men of his time. His natural ability was of a high order, and he was thoroughly educated. I have never read state papers which fascinated me as his do. A man of spotless morals, he was also a man of iron will; and of *fear* he had no more sense than Old Hickory himself. He served with distinction in Congress, but it was as Governor of Georgia that he made the most conspicuous exhibition of his magnificent qualities.

The State had owned all of the territory now embraced within the

boundaries of Alabama and Mississippi; but Georgia ceded this fifty million acres of the most fertile land to the general government. The consideration was less than three cents per acre in money, and the stipulation that the United States would extinguish the Indian title to all the land in Georgia held by the red men. Of course, it was contemplated that the Indians would be given an equivalent in the unoccupied wilderness, west of the Mississippi River.

This treaty between the State and the Federal government was made in 1802. Subsequent to that date, various cessions of land had been secured by the United States from the Southern tribes, but no considerable progress had been made in extinguishing Indian titles in Georgia. On the contrary, the Creeks and Cherokees had been treated with such consideration by the Federal government that they apparently lost all fear of being transferred to the West. The chiefs built fine houses (fine for those days), sent their sons to college, bought negro slaves, opened up extensive plantations, and gave every evidence of a fixed purpose to remain where they were. In fact, the Cherokees formally declared that they never would sell any more of their land.

The majority of the Creeks were of the same mind. In one of their councils, General William McIntosh, a half-breed chieftain who had two Indian wives, proposed a new law, *imposing the death penalty on any chief who should sign a cession of Indian land without having been authorized to do so by the whole tribe.*

This half-breed was a very distinguished man. His connections were "*Indian*", but his sympathies were "*white*". He had been against the Red Sticks, and had given powerful assistance to the armies which broke the Creek nation. In the Seminole War, he did nearly the whole of the effective work. General Jackson published the proclamations, outlined the campaign and "took the responsibility" for doing a number of aggressive, indefensible deeds, but McIntosh fought the Indians. He and his command of Creeks really deserved whatever credit there was for chasing the few hundred unprepared Seminoles into the Everglades.

The United States, in recognition of the loyalty and value of McIntosh, made him a Brigadier-General. He lived in a two-storied frame mansion on the Chattahoochee River. He owned many slaves, large herds of cattle, and a large tract of fine land. Besides, he was on the payroll of the United States.

Various considerations caused him to change his mind on the subject of selling tribal lands. Doubtless his intelligence made it clear to him that the whites were certain to drive the red men out. This being inevitable, he may have come to the conclusion that the easiest way was the best. To sell at a fair price, or to swap the Georgia territory for something just as good, were a better plan than to be exterminated by warfare, or to be forcibly transplanted. It is only just to McIntosh to place one's self at what was, in all probability, his point of view.

At a general meeting of the Creek chiefs, he boldly proposed that the tribes sell out and move away. The other chiefs were almost unanimously against him on this proposition, and they, in effect, not only

howled him down, but, as we are told, "deposed" him. For fear that he would sign some treaty of cession, they said that he should no longer be a chief. But, as we shall see, he continued to act as one; and the whites, who may not have known of his deposition, continued to regard him as head-man of the entire Creek confederation. His record, his military rank, his wealth and his superior intelligence all contributed to make this natural.

Governor George M. Troup and General William McIntosh were cousins. They admired each other greatly and were fast friends; their correspondence gives the reader a most favorable impression of both.

Now, it was Troup's inflexible purpose to get that Indian land. He had it on the brain. He was going after it, as Andrew Jackson went after the national bank. Nothing could turn him. He was intensely wrought up about it. The Federal government had been deaf to every appeal; would not make any earnest, persistent effort to secure a cession from the red men, and would not pay any attention when Troup demanded that the treaty of 1802 be carried out, or that the United States return to the State of Georgia the unsold remnants of the Alabama and Mississippi land.

In December, 1824, the Creek chiefs met in general council at Broken Arrow—the name of their capital. A cession of their lands was proposed, but voted down. Duncan G. Campbell, United States Commissioner, suggested to President Monroe that he could make a treaty with some of the chiefs. Mr. Monroe rejected the proposition, and directed that another general council of the whole Creek nation be convened.

On February 7, 1825, the Indian Springs conference was held. Only eight out of the fifty-six towns sent delegates. The authorized speaker of the Creek nation, Ho-poth-le-yoholo, addressed the few Indians present, and declared that no cession of land could be made, announcing that the nation would hold another general council at the national capital, Broken Arrow, three months from that date. He formally invited the Indians present to attend the general council which the Creek nation had ordered.

Having delivered this message, the speaker for the tribes, together with Big Warrior, the head-chief of the nation, and all the chiefs and warriors of the Cussetuhs and Soowoogaloos, left for home, that night.

Tradition points to a venerable dwelling, at Indian Springs, in which a carousal is said to have been held by the red men on the same night; if McIntosh took part in the ball, it was his last dance.

It is perfectly clear that no cession of Creek land should have been urged or made, after the formal notice and withdrawal of the Big Warrior and the official spokesman of the Creek nation. But the Georgians were pressing, impatient and unscrupulous. McIntosh had been detected in attempting to bribe certain Cherokee chiefs to sign a treaty, and there can be no reasonable doubt that *money* had some influence on him and the few obscure subchiefs who, on the day after the carousal, "touched the pen", while their marks were being made to the paper which conveyed away the tribal lands.

When the tidings of what had been done at Indian Springs flew over the Creek nation, ungovernable rage took possession of the tribe. The national council when it convened at Broken Arrow formally denounced the treaty, and this protest reached Washington *one day after* President Monroe had signed the act of ratification!

The Indians determined to kill McIntosh. Alarmed by rumors, he hurried to Milledgeville and asked Governor Troup for protection—for himself and the other treaty-making chieftains. The Governor not only promised it, but sent Henry G. Lamar into the Creek towns, to ascertain the state of feeling among the Indians, and to warn them sternly to keep the peace. The red men appear to have deceived Lamar completely. He returned to Milledgeville, and reported to Troup that no danger need be apprehended: the Indians were going to acquiesce in the treaty.

Yes, but they were hell-bent on killing McIntosh.

The coolest, bravest warriors of the Creek nation were selected; at their head walked Manowa, an old fighter who had escaped from the death-trap at Horseshoe Bend. They followed, one behind the other, this grim and grizzled warrior, all through the forests and swamps which lay between the Tallapoosa and the Chattahoochee; they put by the temptation to bushwhack McIntosh as he rode along the road; they waited in the woods, after coming near the doomed man's dwelling, until the darkness of night should fall; they split up a lot of fat pine "lightwood", in order that the house might the more easily be fired in different places at the same time. These human tigers had the patient ferocity to wait until three hours after midnight—and then they sprang, with hideous yells and the outflaming passions of hell, upon the sleeping family in the traitor's home. Amid the roar of flames, amid volleys from their guns, the exultant wreakers of the nation's vengeance cried out:

"McINTOSH, WE HAVE COME, WE HAVE COME! WE TOLD YOU, IF YOU SOLD THE LANDS TO THE GEORGIANS, WE WOULD COME!"

Even under that awful test, the bravery of the half-breed showed no flaw. He seized his guns, barricaded his door, fired upon the warriors who forced it; retreated to the upper story with four guns in his hands, continued to shoot from the window at the frenzied savages below; returned to the lower story, was shot down, dragged out by the heels; and, while still fronting them fiercely, with the undaunted eye of the wounded hawk, an Ocfuskee brave struck a long knife into his heart.

On this expedition, the Indians killed two other traitors to the nation and seized their cattle, etc., but did no harm to any other persons. There were one hundred and seventy of these executioners, and when they had carried out the sentence of the tribe, they returned to their homes—bearing the scalps of the three victims.

* * * * * * * * *

Congress having ratified the treaty of Indian Springs, Governor Troup immediately took possession of the land. Surveying parties began to run the boundaries, and new counties were laid off. The Indians

protested; the Federal government interfered; a heated correspondence between Troup and the national authorities began; John Quincy Adams sent General Gaines down to Indian Springs, and the threat of Federal coercion of the State was distinctly made. Troup rose to the occasion, superbly. He summoned the Legislature; sent in a ringing message stating the whole case, and concluded with the appeal:

"I entreat you, therefore, most earnestly, now that it is not too late, to step forth, and *having exhausted the argument, to stand by your arms.*"

(That's the way the Altgelds, Comers, Glenns and Smiths ought to talk, when their States are threatened and coerced by uprising presidents and Federal judges!)

General Gaines having indulged in much vainglorious and impertinent speech and conduct, Governor Troup censured him severely, ceased to hold any communication with him, and demanded of the President the arrest of the insolent officer. To President J. Q. Adams the Governor wrote, and, among others, used this expression concerning Gaines:

"*Were I to send him to you in chains, I would transgress nothing of the public law.*"

The Governor did not, as many historians relate, insult the President by threatening to "send your brigadier by brevet home to you in irons". No; George M. Troup was a gentleman; and this entire correspondence reveals the cultured man, the high-bred man, as well as the man who was indomitable in the pursuit of his object.

When the President sent his message to Congress, broadly insinuating that he would use military force against the State of Georgia, Governor Troup took up the glove at once *by officially ordering the militia to get ready to fight!*

(Would to God we had governors of the same stamp in this day of national consolidation and State degradation!)

Governor Troup was in no mood to listen to an academic discussion of the moralities of the Indian question, from a President who hailed from the State which sold into slavery, and early death, the grandson of the noble old chief that had fed the Puritans in "the starving time". In the days of Governor Troup, the States did not have to obtain a permit from the judge of an inferior Federal court, before they could carry on the State administration. Mr. Adams was well aware of the fact that the country would not back him in the attempt to defend the Indians. Besides, he may have felt that the United States had not in good faith complied with the treaty of 1802. At all events, he backed down—snarling savagely as he did so. He even had the effrontery—he of New England!—to rail at Georgia for getting so many favors from the Federal government.

Here, then, we recognize *another* cause for the rabid hatred which this able, intrepid and relentless man bore toward the South—a hatred that was to cost us dear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CONGRESS AND THE WHISKY TRUST.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to ask a question or two, if I am in order:

When, and how many, were the Democrats in a majority until Cleveland was president?

Please explain how the government bonds whisky, how long does the law allow it to remain bonded and what does the distillery man get out of it until it is in bond? When was the act passed?

A. P. NEAL.

Box 99, Rockland, Texas.

ANSWER.

Not until 1893 did the Democrats secure full control of the government, but they had several times been in control of one branch of Congress. On and after March 4, 1893, the Democratic party was in full control of the Federal government. There was a Democratic President, Mr. Cleveland, and a Democratic Cabinet appointed by him, a decided majority in the Senate and a decided majority in the House. In fact, the Democrats in both branches of Congress so heavily outnumbered the Republicans that their majority was uncomfortable to themselves, because, like all large majorities, it was difficult to handle. No one posted in political matters will dispute this, and unless the exact numerical size of the majority is important to you, I would rather save myself the trouble of looking it up, as I am quite busy with other work.

As to the bonding of whisky. That is an ancient offense to which both of the old parties are committed, and neither of them cares to discuss it. On March 14, 1878, the House of Representatives passed a bill changing the law, which was very much in favor of the whisky distillers, and made it still more favorable. At that time they were obtaining a credit of one year in the payment of a tax of ninety cents per gallon. During that time the government was furnishing them an exclusive warehouse and paying the expenses thereof. This was not sufficient for the whisky men, however, and they came back, demanding that they have a three-year credit in the payment of the tax. They offered to pay five per cent. interest on this immense loan—which the extension of time for the payment of the tax virtually amounted to. Of course this extended the length of time during which the government had to furnish warehouses and officials to operate them. (Furthermore, the whisky trust has the privilege of taking their product from the warehouses, shipping it abroad and bringing it back, free of import duty.)

In one of their advertisements, which A. H. Dreyfus & Company, wholesale liquor-dealers, put in the paper in 1880, and years following, it was stated as an inducement to purchasers that they were handling certain whiskies which had made two of these sea voyages. The advertisement contained the statement: "We recommend them (these whiskies) to the trade as strictly pure, well-matured and desirable for medical purposes." The advertisement also stated that the reason why Congress passed the law permitting these exportations and re-importations of whisky was that "there had been an overproduction of whiskies all over the United States in 1880. Congress, in order to relieve the distress and remedy the difficulty, enacted the law permitting the exportation in foreign lands, to remain there as long as desired by the owner, then to be returned to this country, subject to the same taxation as if they had remained at home and been taken out of bond at the end of three years."

THE JUNIOR JEFFS

By DADDY JIM

Since awarding the prize for the best holiday letters, we have received some interesting accounts from other Junior Jeffs. We are sorry they were so late. Here's a good story from far-off Arizona:

DEAR SIR:—I am enclosing a story which might interest young readers of your department. My little daughter came to me and offered to tell me a story that her grandma had just told her. I was considerably amused and hastily armed myself with pencil and paper, as the youngster turned to her aunt to repeat. We attribute the child's precocity to her Southern descent. She shall be raised to cherish with pride the memory of her four great-great-uncles (surnamed Foscue), who were soldiers of the Confederacy.—Dona De Luce, Dome, Arizona.

A TALE OF A BEAR.

One day there were two niggers, one named Sambo and one named Jumbo. They went out for a walk, and they found a hole. So Jumbo stayed out, and so a big, *big* bear came along, and Jumbo took hold of her tale like this way (tightly closing her little fist). Jumbo did that, and the bear wanted to see where her little cubs was. And so Sambo found two cute little cubs in the hole, and he says: "Who darka de hol'?" And Jumbo, he says: "When de tail hol' breaks, you'll see what darka de hol'." And so Sambo runned home, Jumbo stayed there, and the bear couldn't find her little cubs anywhere, and so they made little pets out of them, like our doves.—Iris Neva De Luce, aged three years and four months, Dome, Arizona.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

I am a native son. I am ten years old, and I live in Goleta, Santa Barbara county, California. I go to school every day. I have a mule and a cart to go to school in. My grandfather raises English walnuts. It will soon be time to gather the walnuts. My father takes Watson's Magazine, and I read the children's stories in it.—Delbert Smith, Goleta, Cal.

OUR PICTURE.

Here I am, a new-comer, and would be glad to be admitted into your club. I am ten years old, and go to school;

ANNIE LIZZIE BARRON
R. F. D. 2, Warthen, Ga.

am in the fourth grade. I like to go to school. We live in the country, and sometimes I go fishing, with papa, and like the sport fine. I will send you my photograph, and hope to see it and my letter in the magazine, if it escapes the waste-basket.—Annie Lizzie Barron, R. F. D. 2, Warthen, Ga.

BUSY ALL THE TIME.

DEAR DADDY JIM:—When school first closed, I had to hoe cotton for about a week. After we were through hoeing, I camped for a few days with my aunt. She camped for her health. We were at Trentham Mineral Springs, in Campbell county, about three miles from Fairburn, Ga. I certainly did have a nice time. I have been busy nearly all the time since I returned home. Mother and I picked our ducks last Monday. We have about twenty-five ducks, two geese and two guineas. What little spare time I had, I have been reading the weekly Jeffersonian and the Watson's Magazine; also The Issue.—Gertrude Gober, aged thirteen, East Point, Ga.

JOLLY TIMES.

I will tell you what I do in the holidays. I cook, sweep, iron and sew on my quilt. I have picked a little cotton, and take music. I can ride our mule and milk a little. I can cook cake and fry chicken; so you see we will not starve. I am always sorry when school is out, for I like to go. Last term I went every day and got the prize. But you needn't think I work all the time, for I have jolly times chewing cane, eating boiled pinders and grapes. I play dolls a little. I have a pile of paper dolls. Papa takes both Jeffersonians, and enjoys reading them. I am twelve years old, and live in the country. I would send my picture, but haven't one. I haven't freckles, either.—Blanche Young, R. F. D. 5, Quitman, Ga.

FROM ALABAMA.

As I have just read of the prizes you offered for "What I did in the Holidays," I thought I would write. On Wednesday evening before Christmas, two of my friends and myself went to a concert and enjoyed it fine. When I came home from the concert one of my cousins, from Cottonwood, Florida, was at our house. The next day we went to grandma's, and when we got there I met several of my friends and kinfolks from Kentucky. We had a large dinner. The next day was Christmas. We sure had a nice time. All of us except mama and papa, went to a Christmas tree at Dundee. We all enjoyed the Christmas tree fine. Mama and papa went to a Mason's burying. The next day all of the people came to our house, and that night we gave a singing. On New Year's Day I went to school at Dundee. My school teacher's name was Mr. John Austin. All of the other holidays I went to school and had a good time. Papa takes both your paper and magazine, and sure likes them.—Oma Wright, thirteen years old, Hartford, Ala.

A JOKE IN VACATION.

I am a little South Georgia girl. I have written to you once. I am ten years old now. Will write and tell about my vacation. Mama and myself went up to Buena Vista to visit my grandma and other relatives. My cousins and I stayed at home most of the time. One day, as my cousins and I were going from my aunt's house to my grandma's, my cousin dropped one of her slippers that she had in a bundle, and did not know it. When we all arrived at grandma's she could not find one of her slippers, and she told us to go back with her to hunt it. We all started, and she ran and left us. We started back, and she ran back too, saying that there was a great, black cow coming over the hill. We all ran then, sure enough. But when we all got to the house, she said she had her slipper, and there was no cow coming. So she got a good joke on us. I have two pets, a kitten named Black Beauty. He is black, too, and blue-eyed. I have two brothers and one sister, named Sarah Louise, Daniel Hess and John Howard.—Linnie Laura Cheves, Pelham, Ga.

IN CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

I want to write a few lines to join your club. I have dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. I am five feet six inches tall and fourteen years old. In the holidays, last Christmas, I went to my uncle's at Hartford, and to grandmother's, and played ball; went to a Christmas tree and had a fine time. I went to school last Thanksgiving Day, to some speaking. I live on a farm, two miles from Hartford.—Alpheus Wright, R. F. D. 3, Hartford, Ala.

Communications

THOS. E. WATSON AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY, HON. WM. L. WILSON, AND CANADIAN RAILWAYS.

DEAR SIR:—My object in writing to you is to commend you for your letter (which I have recently read in the *Washington Herald*) in regard to your connection with rural delivery in the United States. Every word you say in this connection is true. I was in close touch with Postmaster-General Wilson while he was in Washington.

In season and out of season, I *pressed* this rural delivery *trial* upon him; I sent him Heaton's articles in the English review, and proved, through Mr. Heaton's brother-in-law, Sir Anderly Cooke (senator from Australia), what had been done in this connection, in that *sparsely populated country*. Mr. Wilson was inclined to believe it would almost bankrupt the United States.

Mr. Wilson finally, through your efforts, secured a small direct appropriation to make trials in rural delivery in certain sample counties in different States. I am positive of this fact. I remember at Westminster, Maryland, (one of the early rural delivery routes) I took the trouble to give Mr. Wilson facts as to the effect on the circulation of newspapers and magazines amongst the farmers by the introduction of rural delivery. This rural delivery, as well as the parcels post, has always greatly interested me. You have led in the establishment of one (you can be robbed of it), I sincerely hope you may yet be able to see the parcels post also established throughout the United States. It would do more than any one thing to make the rural delivery self-supporting and cut down our twenty-million-dollar deficiency. The same men and outfit can largely be used.

I envy the Canadians their Intercolonial Railway, owned and run by the people. The roadbed and train schedule (time service) is far superior to the average American road. I envy them their great "Grand Trunk Pacific," now rapidly nearing completion. It runs by here up the St. Johns River. It is the best located and most substantially built new road I have ever seen. It has a maximum grade of only four-tenths of one per cent.—only about twenty-one feet to a mile, with almost *perfect* curves. It is being built by the credit of the people of Canada, not by your Rogers and Goulds. It runs from the Pacific (just below Portland Canal) to the Atlantic at Moncton and at St. John and Halifax. It opens up the great country south of Hudson Bay (James Bay) and will, some day, control the Oriental traffic to Europe. It is built for all time, and while it may cost some money, on our side it would be poorly built in the first instance, and the stock watered and watered and absorbed by a few, and the people would have to pay freight and passenger rates to save this *watered* stock from so-called confiscation. In addition to this, the favored shippers would fix their own freight rates to crush out their competitors in business and pile up untold millions. The people can't well control what they don't own. This will be proven more and more each year, I fear, in the United States. It may be true (as Mr. Borden, leader of the opposition in Canada, well said) that the Canadians and Americans may be so corrupt we can't do successfully what our brothers are doing successfully in other sections of the world. If so, it is a humiliating admission we have to make.

What pleases me, as a landowner, in the government-construction railway is the regard for vested property rights. The French, as you know, in Canada, have farms with only a hundred yards or so frontage on the highway, and running back for more than a mile. This railway builds a solid dirt crossing for each one of these narrow farms and a solid concrete drain wheresoever it is necessary to properly drain their lands.

All fire damages are promptly met—very different from my experience in Virginia.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

J. B. Baylor.

Edmundston, N. B., Canada, September 23, 1909.

Ed. Comment: Mr. Baylor is in error in one detail. I secured the R. F. D. appropriation—the first ever made—in February, 1893, when Hon. W. L. Wilson was a member of the lower House. He did not become Postmaster-General until two or three years later. He had no connection with the original appropriation. T. E. W.

NEIGHBOR COPELAND IN PARIS.

Dear Mr. Watson:—While in Paris the first of August I walked into a first-class book store and enquired of the proprietor (who is an Englishman) as to the merits of the various histories of France. I said to him, "I want the best history of France I can buy." He informed me that there were a great many histories of France in the market, but he regarded the one written by Hon. Thos. E. Watson, of America, as good, if not superior to any of them. I graciously informed the book-dealer that I was a neighbor of Mr. Watson and that I felt very proud of his achievements.

I simply drop you a few lines to give you this personal experience while abroad, and, in this connection, I wish to extend my warmest personal regards.

Yours very truly,

E. A. Copeland.

Greensboro, Ga., Sept. 17, 1909.

An Aubade

By R. C. Pituer

As the star of love
In the east awoke,
To the druid grove
And the trysting oak,
By thy passionate roses embowered retreat,
Through the dews on the grasses I came to thee, sweet.

And I did not sing
To thy sleeping ear,
Lest the voice should ring
In thy heart too clear;
Lest the voice of my passion should tremble to thee,
And awaken thy soul from its rapt ecstasy.

But awake, awake,
Oh, awake to me,
And my fancies make
A reality,
For in dreams of the night, ah, how fearful I grow,
Lest the envious roses should over thee blow!

Then awake and smile
With the smile of day,
For my night's exile
You shall smile away,
Reading songs of the morning on Dark's pall imprest,
And my heart in its hope shall forget its unrest.

"Into the Night." A story of New Orleans. By Frances Nimmo Greene. With illustrations in color by C. F. Neagle. 380 pages, 12mo, $1.20 net. Postage 12 cents.

It was Frank E. Stockton, prince of story-tellers, who said that there were in our country but three genuine "story" cities—cities that seemed naturally the stage setting for the play and interplay of a life that, in whatever its manifestations, always evaded the commonplace. New York, of course, for obvious reasons; San Francisco, with its commingling of races, its queer, romantic hodge-podge of Old Spain, the forty-niner and his breed, and the Orient; and New Orleans.

With all of Stockton's skill, he never succeeded in making his San Francisco other than crude and brassy. The veil of a Kipling never falls before the audience and the players, softening, beautifying, ever charming and ever tantalizing the spectator—it is all vigorous, virile, too pungently realistic for glamour. The fault lies, not with Stockton but with his favorite town.

Frances Nimmo Greene's story breathes deep of the wonderful old city in which her tale is laid, is redolent of the spirit of New Orleans. It is rare indeed that so vivid a detective story as this should introduce such wealth of local atmosphere, of character drawing and what, for a better term, we call "color." There is no following of stereotyped plot and situations in this book. It is, above all, true to gentle life. No regulation sleuth with lightning disguises skulks through the scenes; neither does an infallible mind-reader "deduce" everything as one might unravel a meal-sack. Nevertheless, the story plunges boldly into that lurid, troublous time following the assassination of Chief Hennessy and proceeds, without pause in the interest, to its striking—and pathetic—finale.

There is old Mr. Lawrence, fine, high-bred, simple and saintly; his delicate, spirituelle daughter, Helen, whose eyes might "look pity over drowning flies"; his son, who will one day be like him; and his adopted daughter, Zoe—bright as a humming-bird, gay as a magpie—and in traits, perhaps, an admixture of the two, for with her charm and brilliance there runs the current of trickiness which shocks and grieves even those who view her with most leniency. Naturally, Helen has a sweetheart, Herbert Girard—a strong, aggressive young lawyer, who is good as men go, but about as far from understanding such a girl as Helen as a cannibal might be from comprehending the scruples of a vegetarian. He it is who leads the stern mob that lynches the guilty Italians, which causes Helen to recoil from him in horror. And between young Herbert Girard and Zoe is unconcealed dislike and polite disdain of years' standing.

Zoe—one almost says, *of course*—becomes the fiancee of her brother by adoption; and the scene wherein the father begs his son to give up the girl is tense with heartbreak. He can not understand his father's objection to the lady of his choice, considering how dear she is to them all; and Cable's sad "Old Creole Days" is recalled when, driven at last to desperation, the father gasps:

"My son—she is not—*white!*"

The old man's disappearance immediately afterward, the anxiety, the in-

trigue, the plots and counterplots, make up a story that should not be spoiled for any one's reading by telling "how it turned out." We will close our review here, believing that a perusal of the book will give a pleasant evening's reading to all who are jaded by the trite and trivial novels of the day and who will welcome something that is written in a delicate and interesting vein.

Remembrance

Ralph M. Thompson

I THINK of you when first my eyes
Are trained to view the eastern sun;
When nature beams on smiling skies,
And greets the morning just begun;
And when each rosebud, free of care,
Looks upward through its lens of dew,
And focuses the heavens fair,—
I think of you—I think of you.

I think of you when joyous noon
Laughs back at grief in vain pursuit;
When sorrow trips a rigadoon
To piping Pan's melodious flute;
And when in that glad time I hear
The mockingbirds their faith renew,
I live again life's yesteryear—
I think of you—I think of you.

I think of you in that gray light
When, like a bride, the evening flies
Into the arms of waiting night,
To hear its star-timed symphonies;
And when, in one sweet undertone,
The listening echo tells anew
The undreamed dreams I yet may own,—
I think of you—I think of you!

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¶This is a thorough and intelligent account of the three days' struggle. Mr. Watson analyzes the characters of the generals in command; he describes in detail the positions occupied by the various bodies of soldiery, and compares the relative strength and advantage of the several positions; he searches, so far as may be, into the motives and strategy of the two opposing generals, and he discusses the spirit and character of the two armies. Step by step, without haste and with unflagging interest, he resolves the confusion, "the shouting and the tumult," to an orderly sequence, a "clear-cut study of cause and effect."

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I CHALLENGE

Eugene Debs, Upton Sinclair, Polton Hull, Richard Le Gallienne, Robert Hunter, Victor L. Berger, J. A. Wayland, Fred Warren, and Joseph Medill.

I dare them to prepare, sign and publish a declaration of the meaning of Socialism, as to the following:

(1) The Marital Relation.
(2) Private Ownership of Land.
(3) Racial and Social Equality.
(4) Religion.
(5) The Home, as we know it.

The names selected are those of the most prominent and representative American Socialists.

There is a dispute as to what Socialism means, and a full, positive declaration, covering the five points above enumerated, will settle the question.

I call upon the gentlemen named to accept the challenge and publish the declaration.

I JUST DARE THEM TO DO IT!

THOS. E. WATSON

TRADES UNION ACT COUNCIL ATLANTA, GA.